



IMPROVEMENT ERA



VOL. 32 AUGUST, 1929 No. 10

Cutting the Gordian Knot

DR C. G. PLUMMER

The Problem of Bad Boys

THOMAS R. HENRY

Progress in Science of Education

DEAN MILTON BENNION

JOSEPH THE PROPHET

ORSON F. WHITNEY

OUR NEW SLOGAN



MELVIN J. BALLARD

ADULTS AND LEISURE TIME



DR. JOS. F. MERRILL

STORIES—A LACK OF SOMETHING—ON
THE TRAIL AHEAD OF THE "MORMONS"

HAROLD THORPE—CARTER E. GRANT



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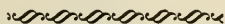
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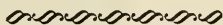
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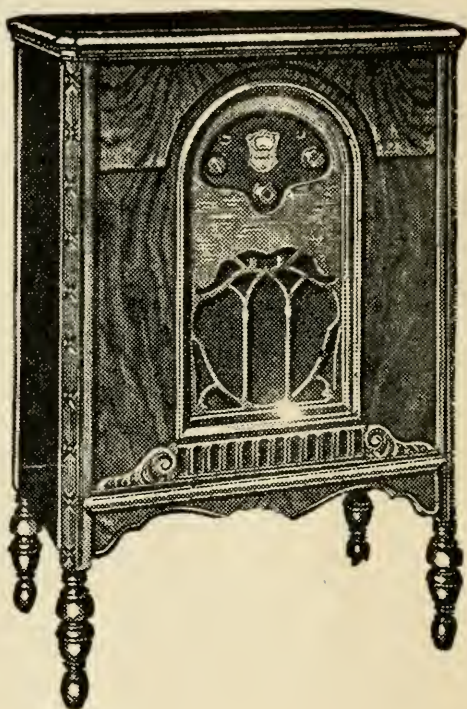
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IMPROVEMENT ERA

AUGUST, 1929

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's
Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of
the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

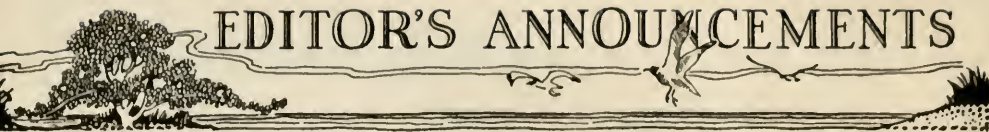
CONTENTS

GRAND CANYON BRIDGE	- - - - -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
ODE TO THE BRIDGE. A POEM	- - - - -	<i>Bertha A. Kleinman 793</i>
CUTTING THE GORDIAN KNOT OF INACCESSIBILITY	- - - - -	<i>Charles Griffin Plummer 795</i>
PROBLEM OF BAD BOYS CLOSELY STUDIED	- - - - -	<i>Thomas R. Henry 804</i>
CANADIAN SCOUT AT JAMBOREE	- - - - -	<i>F. C. Steele 812</i>
THE DIXIE QUAIL. A POEM	- - - - -	<i>A. W. Ivins 812</i>
RECENT PROGRESS IN THE SCIENCE OF EDUCATION	- - - - -	<i>Dean Milton Bennion 813</i>
LIVE EACH DAY. A POEM	- - - - -	<i>Ida R. Alldredge 816</i>
LESSONS FROM COMMON THINGS	- - - - -	<i>Dr. Franklin S. Harris 817</i>
VESPER BREEZES. A POEM	- - - - -	<i>Samuel B. Mitton 818</i>
JOSEPH THE PROPHET	- - - - -	<i>Elder Orson F. Whitney 819</i>
THE NIGHT. A POEM	- - - - -	<i>Bertha A. Kleinman 820</i>
OUR NEW SLOGAN	- - - - -	<i>Elder Melvin J. Ballard 821</i>
OUR EARTH-EARNED HEAVEN. A POEM	- - - - -	<i>O. F. Ursenbach 823</i>
ADULTS AND LEISURE TIME	- - - - -	<i>Dr. Joseph F. Merrill 826</i>
DISHONEST AMERICA	- - - - -	<i>Melvin Hyde Ridges 827</i>
THE MUTUAL AND THE ADOLESCENT	- - - - -	<i>E. Cecil McGavin 830</i>
WANTED—A SELF STARTER. A POEM	- - - - -	<i>Elsie Paul 835</i>
THE INDIANS—YESTERDAY AND TODAY	- - - - -	<i>Glen Perrins 837</i>
LIFT UP THE VOICE. A POEM	- - - - -	<i>David R. Lyon 839</i>
ON THE TRAIL AHEAD OF THE "MORMONS"	- - - - -	<i>Carter E. Grant 840</i>
LIBERTY PARK ON A SUMMER'S DAY. A POEM	- - - - -	<i>Henry F. Kirkham 849</i>
AN HOUR OF MY OWN. A POEM	- - - - -	<i>Clarence Evan Christensen 849</i>
A LACK OF SOMETHING. A STORY	- - - - -	<i>Harold Thorpe 850</i>
MORE TOBACCO TESTIMONIALS	- - - - -	<i>857</i>
MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS. ILLUSTRATED	- - - - -	<i>858</i>
JOY SONG. A POEM	- - - - -	<i>Irvin L. Warnock 867</i>
EDITOR'S TABLE—WHAT OUR MISSIONARY WORK IS ACCOMPLISHING	- - - - -	<i>868</i>
FOR SMOKING WOMEN TO THINK ABOUT	- - - - -	<i>Will H. Brown 869</i>
MUTUAL WORK	- - - - -	<i>870</i>
CHURCH EVENTS	- - - - -	<i>875</i>
PRAYER. A POEM	- - - - -	<i>Floy L. Turner 877</i>

Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October, 1917, authorized on July 2, 1918.

Manuscripts submitted without the statement, "At usual rates," are considered free contributions. Photographs, unless their return is especially requested, will be destroyed.

Published monthly at Salt Lake City; \$2 per annum. Address: Room 406 Church Office Building.



EDITOR'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

So many splendid addresses were delivered during the recent June Conference that it is not possible to publish them all. Neither has it been possible to secure photographs of all the winners in the various contests. However, special attention is called to the addresses made by Elders Orson F. Whitney and Melvin J. Ballard, of the Council of the Twelve, which are published in this issue. Also that of Dr. Jos. F. Merrill. It is expected that other addresses, on the lives of our presidents, will be presented later.

The article by Dr. Charles Griffin Plummer, under the title "Cutting the Gordian Knot of Inaccessibility," throws an appealing sidelight on the opening of the great bridge which now spans the Colorado river and joins the states of Utah and Arizona. The doctor loves nature and sees far more on a trip such as he briefly describes than most people would do. His article will arouse a greater appreciation of the beautiful in the hearts of all who read it.

A *Story-Book Wedding* is a unique presentation which will furnish wards with material which should be used throughout the Church. This will be the means of carrying out one of the important activities of the Mutuals for the coming year and will give opportunity to a number of young people to participate as actors in a pleasant entertainment.

The second installment of *Western history sketches*, by Carter E. Grant, appears in this number and is interesting as well as instructive. Brother Grant is specializing on this subject and presents material which has not been seen by the average reader. Other

articles on similar subjects will follow later by this same author.

Dean Milton Bennion furnishes some interesting thoughts on "Recent Progress in the Science of Education." This is a subject to which the writer has devoted years of careful study and on which he is an acknowledged authority.

Dr. Franklin S. Harris is in this number with another of his interesting and instructive articles, presented in a very few words, under the title "Lessons From Common Things."

Indians of Yesterday and Today, an illustrated article by Glen Perrins, shows the remarkable development which has taken place among these aborigines since the pioneers came into Utah. Anything pertaining to this race is always interesting to those who believe, as do all Latter-day Saints, that the Indian is of the chosen blood.

Readers of the Era will peruse with interest the story of Harold D. Fife, a young "Mormon," who is making an enviable record in the Washington, D. C., schools through his ability to control boys heretofore considered incorrigible. The *Washington Star* devotes considerable space to an account of his work, and the *Era* is able to present this material to its readers. The article in this issue, under the title of "Problems of Bad Boys Closely Studied," is the first of several which are to appear. Later articles will give in detail stories of what has actually been done with unmanageable boys, some of whom had a mania for killing a policeman or a school teacher or anyone else who claimed to have authority over them.

Ode to the Bridge

WRITTEN BY BERTHA A. KLEINMAN AT THE REQUEST OF STATE OF ARIZONA OFFICIALS.
THIS ODE WAS READ AT THE DEDICATION OF THE BRIDGE

Awake, O ye plains of the Westland! Oh peal forth, ye organed hills,
Re-echo, ye spires of the mountains, the song of the river and rills,
Hail! Hail! from the pride of the cities, Hail! Hail! from the hillside and vale,
Ye caravans tracing the footprints where the fathers emblazoned the trail;
Fling out the holiday streamers, let pageantry gird the throng,
As the states clasp hands from rim to rim and give thanks ten thousand strong.

Come out and stand in God's Vestibule, in His royal esplanade,
Where man has joined in the miracle to further His own crusade;
Where the timbered billows, verse on verse, unfold like a cantooed theme
And, in ritual of the universe, the stars of the morning gleam;
Where the forests, holy with parables, transcend all priestly sect—
Come out, ye races, and commune and learn His scriptural text.

God carved the canyon's majesty, but behold! from ridge to ridge,
Man has carved another majesty in the building of the bridge!
God etched the Colorado's trail and made the waiting sea,
Lo! man has spanned her churning might for millions yet to be.
God etched the sky and swung the stars above the jagged rim,
Lo! man's unrest has reached aloft to learn the truth from Him!

Praise be for those unnamed, unsung, who braved the stream when earth was young,
Brave chieftains of the primal West, whose council fires blazed the crest;
Praise to the "Padres," stalwart band, who crossed to find the Promised Land—
Behold the structure stands embossed—indited where the fathers crossed,
Praise be for sainted Pioneer—the fathers at the grim frontier,
Who held the battle-line of toil, of drought and frost and stubborn soil,
The empire builders—bold compeers—whose vision graced the hemispheres.

Write on in ode and epigram, inscribe their names on oriflame,
In canticle and sonnet verse, acclaim them to the universe;
Cogenite with the poet's dream are they who smelted bridge and beam,
Who wrought with sinew-might and thew to prime the axes taut and true;
Who build amid the surge and stress for human need and happiness—
Be they the builders at the prow, or sowers at the dusty plow—
They sing in choral symphony who labor for humanity.

When Powell and his retinue the swirling caverns weathered through,
They pledged unto the centuries and nations hail their memories;
They built their ode who scaled the ridge—their graven epic is the BRIDGE!

O Arizona! praise and sing! O Utah! let your mountains ring!
From north to south and east to west, thanks be for roads that mount the crest,
That traverse nation, town and state that men may build and dedicate;
Oh, praise for this broad land of ours, for leaders in their might and power,
For Statehood and for Liberty, for plenty and prosperity,
For teeming fields of golden grains, for vintage of a thousand plains,
For sun and soil and river silt, for hearts that dreamed and hands that built,
For courage that shall yet ply on, for leadership—still on and on,
Till where the rapids rage and roar, there shall be power, wealth and store,
And storm and flood be made to bless and slack a thirsting wilderness;
Oh, praise to Him for soul of man to vision, to reclaim and plan.
For all that makes this year of years the vanguard of a thousand years
Of peace and truth and growth and good and Statehood BRIDGED WITH
BROTHERHOOD!

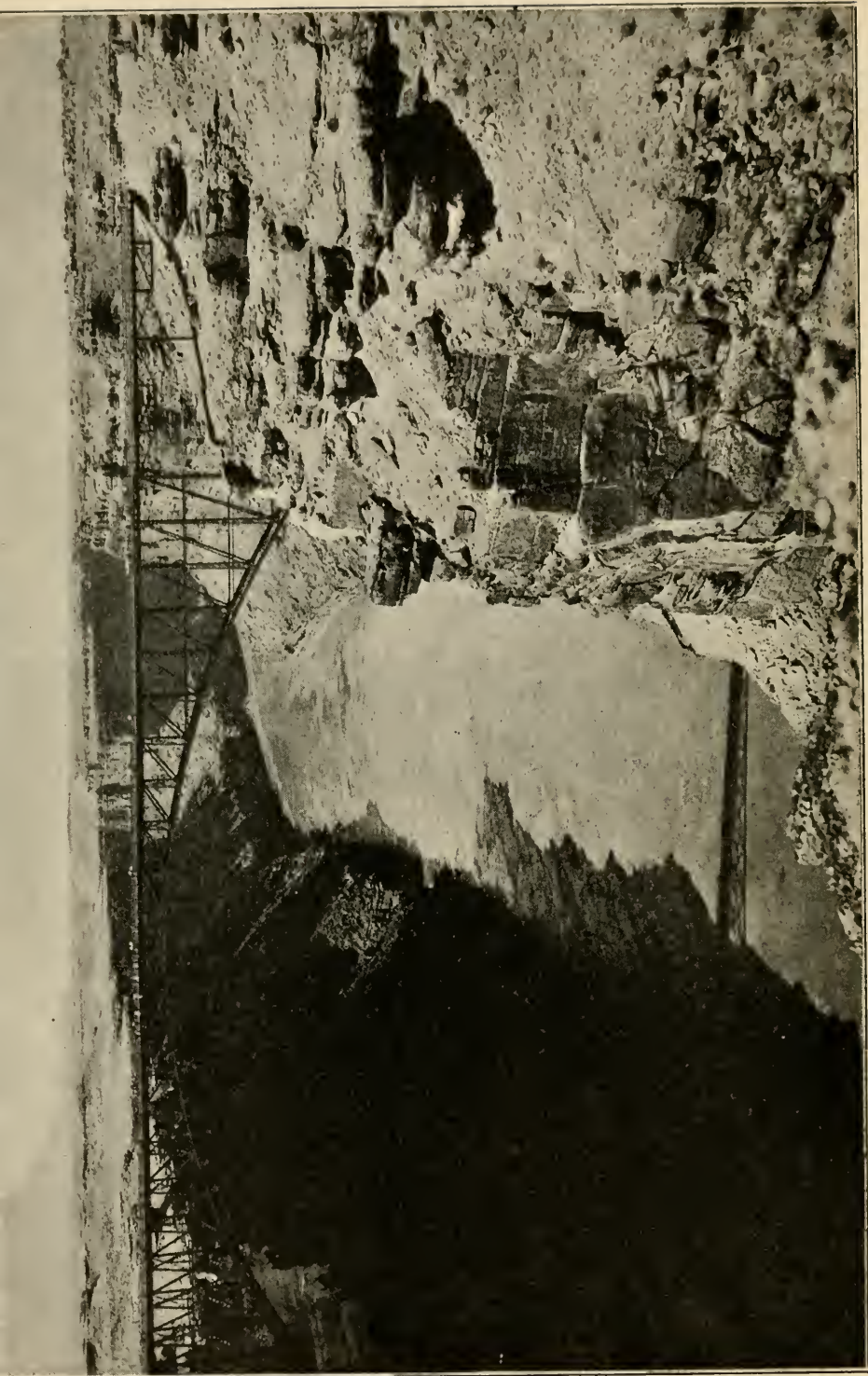


Photo by Chas. Griffin Plummer, M. D., Salt Lake City.
Grand Canyon bridge looking south, down stream, showing the encampment of thousands of visitors from about 13 states, at extreme right of picture. The bridge spans the chasm in one great arch 616 feet long, with two 84-foot and one 50-foot approaches, totalling 834 feet over all. The bottom of the bridge is 467 feet above the water. Being 18 feet wide it offers plenty of room for vehicles to pass anywhere.



VOL. XXXII

AUGUST, 1929

No. 10

Cutting the Gordian Knot of Inaccessibility

BY CHARLES GRIFFIN PLUMMER, M. D.

PLAYERS and audience in a mighty historic human drama rendezvoused in a vast sand-swept amphitheatre in the wide Colorado river wash, beneath the turquoise-blue vault of Arizona's polychrome "Painted Desert," June 14 and 15, 1929, to dedicate the new Grand Canyon bridge crossing the Colorado river gorge in Marble Canyon, six miles below old "Lee's Ferry."

On one stage the commemorative ceremonies were shown.

Another presented a hitherto unparalleled marriage pact, wherein the bride gave the happy groom as her "dot"—the "highest vehicular bridge in the world."

While on the third, the centre of attraction for all eyes, was portrayed in gripping, heart-reaching pageantry, the story of Arizona's settlement by "Mormon" pioneers.

Five thousand whites and Indians from at least 13 states paid the price of strenuous effort to enjoy the privilege of being guests at this unique celebration. Five great Rocky Mountain states, Arizona, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico and Utah, were represented by leading citizens and state officials, four states sending their governors to aid in commemorating the event.

Said Governor John C. Phillips of Arizona, smiling broadly as he stepped forward to sever the colorful ribbon barrier flaunting a challenge at him from the middle of the bridge. "Governor Dern, it's a long time between—er—er—hold on, governor, I didn't mean that! I meant to say, this is the first time Utah and Arizona have actually clasped hands officially across the gorge of the Colorado. Arizona extends greetings to you and Mrs. Dern as well as to all the other good people of Utah. Today we pay more intimate homage to our sister states by means of this new steel bridge and we bid you welcome into closer, more harmonious relationship—" or in words which meant as much.

Other notable men there were who came as guests and as participators in the vital ceremonies of the celebration, President Heber

J. Grant of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and with him President Anthony W. Ivins of the First Presidency.

President Grant spoke of the vigorous fight for law and order made by the Church throughout the early days of its history. He told his audience much about past achievements and forecast a future of still greater brilliancy. He acknowledged his pleasure in being permitted to be in attendance on so historic an occasion.

President Ivins related dramatic personal experiences of his as a member of the first band of settlers sent into the lower part of Arizona, in 1875, by the order of Brigham Young. They had been told to conquer the desert and make settlements—and this thing they accomplished.

Three days before staging this memorable drama, Eagle Scout Ray L. Richards and myself crossed over the river on this huge one-span steel causeway to the east side of the gorge to the Navajo reservation.

Navajo-land! What a wealth of romance and mystery stirs one by the mere mention of that name. How I always revel in the delight of contacting these bronzed nomads of Arizona's desert mesas, who are so filled to the brim with the immensity, the reality, of their surroundings. They always appear to *live* life!

Sitting there in our car, we were nonentities, occupying a niche in their environment. We trailed the desert in an automobile—they rode the wild horse with all the grace and skill of those almost born in the saddle. We were interlopers. They possessed their country and dwelt as happily therein as wards of our government are allowed to live.

We studied the wide sweep of the great Colorado wash, which at this spot is 12 to 13 miles wide, with keenly observant eyes. Bounded on the west by the Paria Plateau, widely known as "The Sandhills," and Echo Cliffs on the east, it offers material for long and careful observation. The sun was just painting the rugged, angular cheeks of these vermilion cliffs with its last slanting rays. Painting is the only word I can use, the only one which actually describes what was going on right there in the heart of Arizona's magically, mysteriously "Painted Desert."

"The Sandhills" were bathed in a glamorous haze of soft, violet-blue, accentuated here and there by faint touches of peach-blow and old rose, the daintiest of reflective tints from the miles and miles of rich red-vermilion rock faces in front of us. Everything in the near and far distance was enveloped in that tint which the Chinese call, "The color of distant Nature," freshly applied

every flash of time from the Master Painter's own gigantic palette of colors.

Throughout the millenniums which have marked time while this vast plateau water-shed has suffered far-reaching erosional downfall at the hands of those untiring destroyers, wind, water, ice, heat, cold, the jagged sky-line of Echo Cliffs has pierced the eternal blue heavens doming the "Painted Desert," without apparent change. It has never moved.

"The silent caravan that never passes by,
The caravan whose camel-backs are laden with the sky."

The Western Navajo Trading Post is a newcomer recently established on an upper plateau of the foot-hills about a mile east of the bridge. A garage and service station cluster about this the most westerly Indian trading post on the reservation. They make a veritable outpost on the Indian frontier. It is a real trading post, too, buying from and selling to the Navajo and Hopis who come to gaze at the bridge in untiring wonder. They never cease being interested in the terrific noise made by dropping such huge rocks as they can carry into the middle of the bridge and hurling them down, 487 feet, into the swiftly passing river. What a cannonade one hears there at times!

From where we sat gazing in rapture at this magnificent scenic panorama we were continuously reminded of our utter insignificance in the limitless spaces of Nature. Brilliantly illumined vermilion cliffs to the west, to the east and now on the north we saw piercing the sky another uplift equally beautiful. These make a background for the "Lee's Ferry" refuge. Their rock walls also line Glen Canyon for many miles up-stream. Where Glen Canyon ceases, right at the mouth of the Paria river just below the old ferry, Marble Canyon begins, and is bridged by the new structure below.

John Doyle Lee appropriately named this famous spot "Lonely Dell." It is a dell, almost a paradise, hidden away within a growth of tender green vegetation—and it is lonely, no doubt about it. Being quite 150 miles from a railroad, it affords seclusion to anyone seeking isolation and entire freedom from worldly contact. Now that the bridge is completed and all travel must be diverted over the new highway, it will become still more secluded.

Just at the point where Marble Canyon begins, below the old ferry on the Navajo side of the canyon, we could easily trace the old dugway formerly traversed when the ferry was being operated. It is the narrowest, most angular and most dangerous dugway of all

canyon regions. The Colorado drainage basin is the very birthplace of perfect canyons—and it takes many, many diverse characteristics to make a perfect canyon. I was told years ago that whenever Navajos or Hopis came to the upper end of this dugway with freight and supplies for the ferryman, they left their old buckboards with from four to six mustangs attached, at the top of the grade. It was four miles to the river's edge. They tramped this distance, holloood a wild, weird call to the ferryman and, with a disgusted wave of the hand over one shoulder, said, as plainly as an Indian could say it,—“come an' git your old freight—it's on the top o' the hill!” Not one of these intrepid trailers was ever known to have driven a load down that dugway,—he was too wary of the greedy, on-rushing Colorado flowing swiftly by a few hundreds of feet below him.

The geologic, the climatic, the ethnologic anomalies making up the scene held us fast in our places. The comings and goings of Navajos and Hopis in gala attire, on foot, on ponies often carrying double, in buckboards, in “jitneys,” big touring cars, singly and in packtrains moving the entire family and all its belongings, its only “hogan” (home), with dogs and burros ambling contentedly along behind,—we were stirred to the very depths of our beings.

Right here something happened. It aroused us to wide-awake attentiveness. A dainty bit of Navajo femininity about 16 years old, clad in the mode of flapperish addicts, pumps, rolled silk hosiery, knees 'n all shown to the wide open spaces, strutted before us in dust half way to her ankles. She was on her way to the “Squaw dance,” in preparation for the evening's entertainment, and it was to be staged within a willow-brush enclosure out on the desert not far off. A Navajo rug enveloped her upper parts to the very tip of her quaint, up-tilted little pug nose—and oh, it was hot! But what cared she! She was “IT” to every white and Navajo male (and she knew it, too!) as well as the envy of every Indian woman of less attractiveness.

Instantly I made up my mind that if I wanted to keep the least bit of the old romance that I had been nourishing for many years regarding these nomads and their desert mesas—we must leave the spot at once. So we “came to,” and drove back to the white man's side of the river, chose a camp-site on the very brink of the chasm, prepared and ate a very hearty supper.

Before dark an early copy of the official program of the celebration came into our hands. We read every word with unbounded eagerness. We had driven 450 miles to take an observer's part in commemorating man's ingenuity in surmounting this rock-ribbed



Photo by Chas. Griffin Plummer, M. D., Salt Lake City

Doing an old-time quadrille in pioneer costumes, with "Mike" calling the figures to the assembled multitude at the staging of the "Mormon" pageant, June 15, 1929, in the dedicatory ceremonies of the Grand Canyon bridge, about five miles below "Lee's Ferry," Arizona.

water-barrier. We wanted much to know where to be and when to go to see and hear everything.

Before worming into our sleeping-bags, which were placed at an advantageous location for observing a growing moon mount the sky-scape to light up the gorge, as well as listening to the Hopis' night bird of the desert, called "Hoetska," chirping, singing, whispering to his mate hidden away under the silvery moonlight out there, we planned for an early-morning picture-making hike. After that we would drive to "Lee's Ferry." The Paria river empties into the Colorado just below this old crossing. The word "Paria" is composed of two Piute (pah-i-ute is the Indian spelling) words—"Pah" meaning water and "Ria" meaning elk, whole word, place where elk drink. The Paria heads up against the Paunsaugunt, which forms our own Bryce Canyon. Years ago I traveled the entire length of the Paria, except through the box canyon where the Buckskin Gulch empties into it.

Each night we slept on the rim-edge of the great gorge I studied the sky at intervals. About 10 o'clock I noticed a thin, white,

vaporous veil appear in the sky about 500 feet above the earth, hanging directly over the course of the river. It had a haunting, spectral movement as a light current of air fanned it, yet it held bravely to its position throughout the night. About 4:30 in the morning, a little while after Venus bounded into view from a deep notch in Echo Cliffs—my white cloud vanished. Venus (the Hopis call her, "Wugo-sha-ho,") presaged the warming of the air by the sun's rays,—to the death of my night cloud.

I had met the family of Jeremiah Johnson living at "Lonely Dell," on a previous trip—but I missed something out of the landscape. The old "Bar-Z" ranch-house was gone! It burned two years ago. How I missed the kindly, hospitable old doorway, the friendly welcome of the wide, cheery fire-place ensconced within a typical "cow-camp" kitchen.

An exchange of greetings and introductions and we were welcomed to the old quarters of the "Bar-Z" ranch yards. We soon had our bed-rolls open and beds laid for a night out under the stars. Then we quietly sought out the very best "ole swimmin' hole" in the Paria—and found it!

What a night of song and romantic whisperings by birds and insects we enjoyed! A long-tailed chat, Burroughs' "polyglot chat," he of the many tongues, chattered and sang to us throughout the livelong night. He is the great ventriloquist of birddom. First he gave us the quacking of a duck, then the cackle of old biddy after she had laid her "daily dozen," the barking of the family pup followed and then "Tabitha" caterwauled with her nearest feline neighbor. Finally we were startled by the imitation of a child crying for its mother. A catbird, a mocker, a thrush, a magpie, a bluebird—he is all in one and he rendered their songs in a wild potpourri of melody as the moon nodded "Good night!" to us over the rim of "The Sandhills." Thus we were sung into rapturous repose that night far up in "Lonely Dell," that haven from all worldly cares.

Happy the night, I thought as I rolled out of bed. "—happier the day!" Ray said as he got ready for breakfast.

We returned to our camp at the celebration rendezvous early in the day and again consulted our program. The big event to us, the one which held our undivided attention, was,—"*Pioneer Day—Pageant of the Settlement of Arizona* in six epochs. Epoch 1, *The Call to Make Settlement of Arizona by Brigham Young*. Epoch 2, *The Settlement*. Epoch 3, *Moving with the Spirit to the Desert*. Epoch 4, *The Conquered Colorado*. Epoch 5, *Growth and Development*. Epoch 6, *The Future and Conclusion*."

As we read on we beheld another startling announcement.—"The Wedding of the Northwest and the Southwest: Miss South-

west, Miss Betty Kastner, Prescott, Arizona: Mr. Northwest, Mr. Kenneth Judd, Fredonia. Heber J. Meeks, Kanab, Utah, officiating."

A wedding was to be solemnized—and we were to be guests! What an astonishing marriage contract was to be uttered we knew not. I re-adjusted my glasses that I might read again that number. Yes, there it was—and at once I began to picture that groom in my mind's eye, and I just wondered what and how much he could and would pledge to this maiden. Was she as old and as settled, perhaps, as one of the century plants which grows with such delight in her Arizona, or was she a "flapper," a modern of the moderns? Well,—she certainly was!

Said this preacher in an enthralling ceremony, the exact words of which I do not have, but he meant about what I am making him say, every word of which was gaily repeated by the groom,—“Miss Southwest, I present thee, among others of my possessions, with a timeless passport over Utah's end of the United States Highway No. 89, leading from Salt Lake City, 'The Center of Scenic America,' into and through thine own beloved State of Arizona to Nogales, on thy southernmost border, the termination of this, one of America's most notable highways.

“I offer thee the beauty, the grandeur, the magnificence of at least two National Parks and two National Monuments directly on this highway and its branches, for thy relaxation, for thy diversion, and for thy entertainment. All these natural resources are linked up with thine own Grand Canyon, the uniqueness of which as a region of indefinable lure and grandeur can be found nowhere else than in this highway system just being completed.

“I further proffer thee *Opportunity*—agricultural—industrial—educational—sociologic—civic—all for thy greater, loftier unfoldment.”

Miss Southwest stood her tallest, looked her prettiest, spoke in her most seductive, endearing tones, and showing no embarrassment when accepting her groom's prodigal offerings, replied,—“And I, too, O worthy, O great Northwest, groom of mine, have something to bestow upon thee. It is my 'dot,' my dowry, which I have made ready for thee. It is this long-dreamed steel bridge spanning my Marble Canyon of the Colorado river. This shall bind us, O Groom of the Northwest,—this shall unite thy Bride of the Southwest with thee so long as steel and stone shall stand. With this bridge, I thee wed, with all its connections both north and south—with all *my* Arizona I endow thee. May this union bring to us all that we hope, all that we need henceforth for time unending.”

Did that gay Groom of the Northwest kiss his dainty Bride

of the Southwest? Ah, what would you have done? When the moment arrived for the traditional osculatory adventure, a tense, eager quiet stole upon that audience of thousands of whites and Indians. Every man, woman and child stood on tip-toe to witness the sealing of that strange pact. At the very apex of that stillest instant, "Smack!"—long, tenderly, deliciously holding—it sounded off into the open spaces, widely proclaiming,—“United we stand, divided we fall!”

What a joyous climax to a ceremony of such national interest and widespread prominence. Then there broke forth a long, a laughing, a cheery wish for a union of unmeasurable bliss and productivity.

Except in Sahara or Gobi, perhaps, could there have been a more isolated desert setting for a wedding ceremony? A lonely land it is, too, particularly if one be not in harmony with the desert, hearing its songs, and reading its stories that are being carried about on every vagrant breeze. It is far from man's usual haunts, yet not too far for one to make the trip in ease and comfort. What a unique marriage, what an unexampled “dot”—and of such wide utility, too: and just think of the size of that offering! Has any bride ever before honored a groom with such an exchange present? Only in the mighty Southwest, that land of alluring picturesqueness, could such an event have been celebrated.

Arizona's “Painted Desert” hereabouts is supreme in its sky and earth paintings. Vast, vivid, brilliantly gorgeous picturings that hold one fascinated in one's tracks. Sometimes they are as evanescent as a gossamer cloud, again they endure for hours together. So few travelers in this region really see these displays.

Yes, the Colorado had been conquered, and for a second time. First, by that indomitable band of “Mormon” pioneers who fought their way to its edge back in 1875. This, the second time, by the aid of the descendants of these same early empire builders who to-day are carrying on in pageantry and story the triumph of their forebears. But on this last occasion Old Colorado river has been conquered by a more timely, a more glorified medium, the product of an advanced civilization.

Man has surmounted all difficulties in getting across this age-defying chasm. This hitherto impassable barrier had defiantly maintained its integrity for unnumbered millenniums, all the time shouting that thrilling Allied Armies' war-cry before Verdun, “On ne passe pas!”

The stories of wedding and bridge had enthralled me. That pageant in early-time costumes, “Moving with the Spirit of the

Desert," depicting the long, arduous ancestral trek into a newer home-building land—what of that event? As though such pioneers had not had enough of pioneering!

Who but descendants of devoted followers of Brigham Young would have exhibited the same zeal, the same effective organization to have carried off such a presentation on this program?

They struggled into the world, faced persistent struggle, lived a continuous struggle in order to attain a maturity which fitted them for elemental conquest, in making effective Brigham Young's slogan and command, "The desert must be conquered!"—until today their first and middle names are "Struggle!"

In dance, in song, in story, blithely, happily told and done, this symbolic pageant carried on in picturization, the gripping scenes of former days with intense emotional stress and great dramatic power. So realistic was it, Ray and I felt that we, too, had been trail builders, empire makers, as we drove homeward, over some of the same route taken in 1875, crossing many of the same divides and canyons and dry washes—but oh, how differently we traveled! We sped along comfortably in an automobile, making more miles in one hour than they could have made in three or four days.

They fought deep sand on the plateaus above Kanab at the foot of those beauteous White Cliffs, and we hurried on over a splendid highway. I could not help wondering if those same tall, graceful plants, the "Spanish Bayonet," called "Oos" by the southwest Indians, grew in the same places—perhaps they saw the self-same plants that we admired so much just last June. They do live hundreds of years, blooming from the same root system, anchored to Mother Earth in deep, shifting, all-defying sand and they flower each year in unparalleled gorgeousness.

Some poetic chap has named these handsome, cream-flowered spears, which grow from 6 to 10 feet in height, "The Candles of the Lord." And they lighted us on our way home even as they must have illuminated the trail of those earlier travelers over this self-same desert, and with the same loving, protective devotion.

Henry Ford has settled the prohibition problem for his employees—no one working for him takes a drink at any time, any place.

"I do not want a man working for me if he has the smell of liquor on his breath or if he is known to frequent bootleg joints," Mr. Ford is quoted in *The Christian Herald*.

Problem of Bad Boys Closely Studied

BY THOMAS R. HENRY, WRITTEN FOR THE
WASHINGTON, D. C., STAR

[This article, and others from the same source which are to follow, will be of especial interest to *Era* readers, for the reason that Harold D. Fife, whose name appears so prominently, is a "Mormon" boy. He was born in Salt Lake City, January 17, 1906, the son of John D. and Eliza Stewart Fife. His maternal grandfather was Bishop Isaac N. Stewart, of Draper. This young man is devoted to the faith of his fathers, having been trained in a good home and in the quorums and organizations of the Church. He is a teacher in the Sunday School in Washington and is married to a good "Mormon" girl.—*The Editors.*]



HAROLD D. FIFE, BOY SAVER

THE problem of the bad boy is as old as creation.

The adolescent male human is a hard animal to tame—and the taming process, unless it is carefully considered, is likely to do more hurt than good.

An experiment has been in progress in the District of Columbia schools for the past three years, some of the results of which have just come to light. It is not concerned with ordinary bad boys, but with the pathologically bad—the obviously criminal—who are found in the school system of the National Capital. Some of these children are so abnormal as to be material for the psychiatrist. They all are misfits in the schoolrooms—boys who will not or cannot learn and who seem to have an inborn drive toward criminal careers.

If anything is to be done with them, they must be handled as individuals and not as members of a class. They are anti-social and apparently can't be made to conform to the requirements of any group. So long as one of them is a member of a class he makes the orderly conduct of that class impossible.

OLD IDEAS OUT OF STYLE

REFORM SCHOOLS are filled with such children. They graduate from the reform schools to the jails, from the jails to the

penitentiaries and from the penitentiaries to the electric chair. They used to be considered congenital criminals, a concept which now has gone out of style. They arise from all sorts of homes, social conditions and ancestry.

Different schools of pedagogy advocate different methods for dealing with bad boys. None of the methods seem to apply to these children, as a class.

They may be tried under teachers who are strict disciplinarians. Corporal punishment, of course, is prohibited by law in the District schools, but an almost military strictness is possible. Teachers of this class demand absolute obedience, good manners and punctuality, and work with an adequate machinery of rewards and punishments.

These children don't respond to discipline. Instead of inciting them to make good, it results only in hatred of a teacher—usually a sullen, vindictive hatred. Boys of this type don't hesitate to strike a woman.

ADVISERS IN CONTEMPT

THEN there is the gentle, motherly soul—the sentimentalist, who pats the boys on the back, cries over them, tries to inspire them to be great and good men. This system doesn't work, either. It only nurtures contempt. What's the use of appealing to the better natures of boys who, it seems, have no better natures to appeal to? The motherly counsel goes into one ear and out the other. The children may promise to be good but promises mean nothing. They'll be promising the kindly judge the same thing later on—and picking his pocket when he leaves the courtroom if he doesn't watch out.

Another method is to put them in a typical school where they are segregated from other children until they seem fit to be returned to regular classes. Only indifferent success attends this method. It may be the worst possible procedure with children of this type, as is shown by efforts to analyze their personalities.

They can't be trusted, they are a bad influence on other children, and some of them are dangerous.

The way to deal with them is to put them in reform schools. This simply gets them out of the way. It doesn't cure them.

The problem of the bad boy—the mean, sullen, dull, unscrupulous boy with criminal tendencies—was giving Supt. of Schools Ballou and Assistant Supt. Kramer some bad hours three years ago. There seemed to have been an increase of them with the social nervousness which followed the war.

EXPERIMENT IS STARTED

AT this time a young graduate student at George Washington University applied to Mr. Kramer for a job in the District

schools. Harold D. Fife wanted a teaching appointment in one of the high schools, but he was tired of waiting for a vacancy.

Mr. Kramer told him of this bad-boy problem. Something must be done and the school officials didn't know exactly what to do or how to do it. Fife didn't know either, but he jumped at the opportunity to find out. It was an experiment from the first—and an experiment it remains.

He was given a vacant room in the Gales school and put on his own responsibility for the redemption of the possibly criminal element among the D. C. school children.

Fife took the job to heart and in the past three years he has brought about some remarkable transformations of character.

He has not worked with any definite psychological system, but has applied various systems, in accordance with his judgment of the individual case. Everything is individual. There is no set of rules which can be applied to any two bad boys with any reasonable expectation of success.

ONE PRINCIPLE IN MIND

THE one principle he has kept in mind he expresses:

"There is no such thing as an inherently bad boy. The bad boy is a misunderstood boy. The essential thing is understanding of the forces responsible for the individual personality."

Some of the cases, he finds, have a physical basis, some organic inferiority which has escaped attention before. This is not an important element, however, among children sent to the Gales special school, for usually they have been examined rather carefully by school physicians.

More often he finds a psychic inferiority begotten of social conditions, which results in what might be called a "dual personality," the term being divested of any mystical significance. It turns out that the anti-social behavior of the child is only a mask to cover up something else and that strict discipline or mothering were equally ineffective, because they treated only the surface symptoms without uncovering the thing the child was trying subconsciously to hide.

Cases of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in real life are quite common, he finds, among children. But, as in Stevenson's story, the tendency almost always is toward the increasing dominance of the Mr. Hyde personality unless the case is taken in hand in time. When the individual has become a confirmed adult criminal, there is little to be done about it.

These inferiority complexes seem to be about the most fruitful causes of adolescent "dual personalities." The child seeks to "get even" with somebody—playmate, teacher, parent or neighbor. Then the process works in two ways.

In some cases it proves impossible to "get even." The intended victim is too secure to be injured. In that case a process of sub-conscious transference is set up. Consciously the child may forget his hate for the individual, but transfer it to other individuals or to society as a whole.

Suppose the child is unjustly punished by a teacher. He determines to get even with that teacher. He can't. He transfers his hate to other teachers. Teachers represent authority. His hate broadens to include all in authority. His life becomes a continual striving to "get even" with the world. After the first forgetting he can't tell, as a rule, what the world has done to him for which he seeks revenge.

THRILL IN "GETTING EVEN"

ANOTHER child may succeed in "getting even." The success gives him so exhilarating a sensation of self-satisfaction—a thrill—that he desires to repeat it. He repeats it over and over again, gradually forgetting the original cause and remembering only the satisfaction that results.

In either case, the outcome may be the confirmed criminal or the murderer.

On the other hand—this is a highly disputable point which was stressed by Dr. Adler of Vienna, the father of this school of psychology—under certain circumstances the outcome may be genius—a Napoleon or a Shakespeare. The only reason for mentioning Adler's debatable theory is that Fife's work seems to have brought out some remarkable confirmations of it.

Fife, however, holds no particular brief for the inferiority complex school of psychoanalysis. His classroom varies in some essential aspects from the school clinics which Adler set up all over Germany. The facts remain that most of his cases seem to have originated in an inferiority complex.

SEEKS SOMETHING WHOLESOME

HIS actual method of treating these cases of dual personality is purely a pragmatic one, combining Adlerism with behaviorism in a way which has brought results. He seeks, by observation and by conversation, to discover something wholesome in which the boy is interested. Usually this discovery comes simultaneously with the discovery of the complex that dominates the child's personality. Sometimes, however, it results purely from an off-hand observation and has no direct reference to the underlying causes.

He has found, for example, that the great majority of these "dual personality" children are idol worshipers—that is, they have set up some figure in history as an ideal and are intensely interested in

everything pertaining to that figure. It might, for example, be Napoleon.

Upon this Napoleon complex he tries to graft other interests. Take arithmetic. Almost every boy sent to the Gates special school hates arithmetic and has failed in this subject. A great deal of arithmetic can be grouped around the career of Napoleon. He had to know arithmetic to be an artillery officer, the foundation of his career.

Once the interest in arithmetic has been aroused, Fife tries to give the child instruction in the fundamentals of the subject with some hopes of success.

ALSO DISLIKES GRAMMAR

ANOTHER subject which almost every boy in the school hates and has failed in is English grammar. It always is perplexing to devise some way to arouse a child's interest in grammar. This is particularly the case, Fife says, with children from foreign-speaking homes where English is not spoken.

Again the child may be "hand-minded." The interest around which everything can be grouped then is the opportunity for making things and the use of tools.

Once the interest or the complex has been uncovered, Fife's work is purely a process of conditioning according to the behavioristic philosophy.

The District school system has a pragmatic system for testing intelligence and classifying children according to their mental age. The theory behind this practice is somewhat obscure, but the fact remains that it works very well in practice with the great majority of children.

WHAT IS INTELLIGENCE?

NOBODY is agreed on a definition of intelligence. It may be one thing or another, or it may be nothing at all. There does, however, appear to be a factor in most persons which determines their ability to cope with a new situation—that is, learn—and which remains fairly constant throughout life. This is what is tested. School officials don't claim infallibility for the method.

Now one school of psychology, into whose findings Fife's results seem to fit, would say that "intelligence" is a myth—that there is no such thing. It would do away with the problem of feeble-mindedness by the statement, with certain reservations for congenital atrophy of brain cells, that there is no such thing as feeble-mindedness—or rather that the difference between the moron and the genius is not intelligence, but something else.

It holds that ability is a matter of complexes, just as thinking

is admittedly a matter of complexes. It would hold that children who do well with intelligence tests do so simply because the tests happen to fit into their complexes.

There is a small percentage of children in the District schools with I. Q.'s (Intelligence Quotient) of 150 or above. For the most part they are fairly well behaved children with healthy bodies. They do extremely well in their classes.

They are classified as geniuses. Obviously the word is used here in a special sense. It merely means high-class all-round ability. It hardly can be held to mean ability in any special sense. Such children can be expected to do well in the world if the luck isn't all against them, and stand well in business and the professions.

At the other extreme are the children with I. Q.'s below 100—not defectives, but barely up to the average.

GETS INTELLIGENT RATINGS

WHEN boys come to Fife, he is furnished with their intelligence ratings, but he finds that in many instances special conditions obtain which throw grave doubts on the validity of these ratings. The children simply have not fitted into the rating system, yet some of them appear to be geniuses in the popularly accepted meaning of the term.

When a 15-year-old boy with an I. Q. which would indicate that he was a high-grade moron draws a pen-and-ink sketch of Lindbergh which an art critic at first sight mistakes for a photograph and which is exhibited as a special evidence of child genius in the art gallery of a large American city, it is clear that there has been a mistake of some kind. There is something about the lad which tests have failed to touch.

Once Fife tried an intelligence test of his own on a boy who came to him with a very low I. Q.—and a normal record that was lower still.

The teacher is interested in mechanics and likes to fool with watches. He never has been able, however, to take a watch apart and put it together again without marking the pieces.

This boy, from a very poor home, knew nothing about the insides of watches.

Fife brought him an old watch and told him to take it apart and put it together again.

"You'd better mark the pieces or you'll never get them back in the right place," he said.

"What do I want to mark 'em for? There's only one place for each piece to go, ain't there?" said the boy.

He took the watch apart and put it together so that it ran

perfectly. He seemed to sense the relations between parts.

Yet the boy was a dunce, officially.

PERSONALITY SPLIT

THE personality split in childhood is sharp.

There is little mixing of good qualities and bad. The bad boy of the type Fife gets usually appears almost all bad. If there had been much apparent good, regular teachers would not have given the boy up as hopeless.

The angel in the boy is left to wander, a fleshless ghost, in the darkness of the subconscious.

Yet, Fife holds from observation, the bond never is completely severed. There is a bridge—it may be hard to find it—which the waters of hate have not washed away.

There is a similar phenomenon which has been observed in the adolescent period, the results of which are exactly opposite. This is the phenomenon of conversion, when a normally bad boy, under the influence of intense religious emotions, has a personality split and shows to the world a personality which appears all good, for a time. The end effects of this split sometimes are as devastating as those of the opposite type.

Fife has been developing a technique for dealing with the bad type of dual personality which requires two qualities—infinite patience and the ability to sense quickly when one has probed the controlling complex, whether it be one of inferiority or a sexual complex of some sort which usually can be found only by a trained psychiatrist.

It may require months or years of observation before the mechanism of the personality split is recognized.

These boys, certainly, have not analyzed themselves. They don't know why they are bad. They are nearly all proficient and shameless liars. They are almost sure to lie about the things which they feel most vitally.

They generally are immune to the pat on the shoulder, the fatherly advice, the assurance of love and kindness, the stories of how good little boys got along in the world.

They have words for that kind of stuff which are not fit to print.

HUNTS ROOT OF TROUBLE

FIFE frequently must go into the homes to find the root of the trouble. That is not always an easy thing to do. If the home has conditions which automatically create a bad boy, it is likely to be a hard home to penetrate.

The teacher doesn't always find the trouble. He admits there is a good deal he doesn't know about this most complex of all subjects, the creation of personality. He is trying to learn more from actual experience and points to his few startling successes as evidence of the enormous opportunity offered by this field for those who know more than he does.

The boys are not always transformed and redeemed. There is always the danger of giving a false impression of any work of this kind—of giving the public the impression that here is a cure-all for criminality. It is merely a pioneering effort which has struck gold in some places.

BOYS ARE NOT STIGMATIZED

THE Gales special school consists of a single room with some desks, blackboards and carpenter tools.

The boys are not segregated. They are not stigmatized. They merely are students in a division of one of the regular elementary schools of the District. It is not a typical school. They are not sent there to be reformed and then sent back to regular classes.

They remain there through their elementary school careers. It is possible to give them a year, at least, of junior high school work there.

Once they enter that room I. Q. records are a thing of the past. They have a fresh start, away from everything that has gone before.

Many of them, especially the "hand-minded" ones, enter the trades. Fife keeps in touch with employers throughout the city. Those who show academic trends are sent ahead into the high schools.

It is no eight-hour job to deal with boys in this way. It is a 24-hour job. One must live their lives with them.

Fife checked his own observations last summer by a 14,000-mile trip through the United States, Mexico and Canada, interviewing boys in reformatories and penitentiaries.

He found hundreds of verifications of his observations of the inferiority complex and the determination to get even.

Among the boys he talked with was William Edward Hickman, the fiend-murderer, then awaiting execution in San Quentin.

Hickman, he says, told him a story which he did not tell in court—that he first declared war on society as the result of being unjustly punished for the act of another boy in snapping a spitball at a teacher.

"It hurt me terribly," he says Hickman told him. "I made up my mind to get even with that teacher. I did get even with her.

I liked getting even so much that I've been getting even ever since. Now they are going to get even with me."

This fits exactly into the observations of bad boys which Fife has made in Washington.

Canadian Scout at Jamboree



KENNETH RUSSELL, CANADIAN SCOUT

THIS will introduce Scout Kenneth Russell of Lethbridge, Canada. A distinctive honor has come to Kenneth, as he will represent the city of Lethbridge at the International Boy Scout Jamboree in England this year. There was a large field of candidates for the honor, but Kenneth was selected.

He is a typical Latter-day Saint boy—strong in limb, alert of mind and clean in his habits. He has a brilliant Scout record, being a King Scout, with a whole string of merit badges, although "Ken" would be the last to tell you about them. A King Scout corresponds to the Eagle Scout in the United

States.

"Ken" belongs to Troop No. 1, Lethbridge, and his Scoutmaster is Dr. C. M. Fletcher, Lethbridge stake Boy Scout Commissioner and first counselor to the stake superintendent. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Russell of Lethbridge, formerly of Ogden, Utah, and he will likely be the only "Mormon" scout from Canada at the Jamboree—C. F. Steele, Stake Superintendent.

THE DIXIE QUAIL

In early morn, when the night had fled,
And the Pioneer rose from his weary bed,
The musical call of the quail to his mate
Brought cheer as he grappled the problems of fate.

A. W. IVINS

Recent Progress in the Science of Education

BY DEAN MILTON BENNION

Address given as a part of the M. I. A. Radio K S L Program
Sunday, March 24, 1929

EDUCATION, like agriculture, home economics, and medicine, is primarily an applied science. These sciences are also alike in being composite; i. e., they draw upon other sciences for facts and laws or principles that can be utilized in formulating their own aims and methods. Education, in formulating its aims and determining the agencies that shall be responsible for realizing these aims, must draw heavily upon history, sociology, political science, economics, and ethics; in formulating its methods of instruction and conduct controls, it must draw heavily upon the principles of both individual and social psychology, of both physical and mental hygiene, of public sanitation, and of other human sciences. Each one of these sciences is in itself complex and, thus far, more or less inexact.

It follows, of necessity, that education is even more complex and, in many of its aspects, inexact. Fortunately, however, education is also an art. It has been so through the many centuries of its history and will doubtless continue to be so. As an art, however, it can be much improved by scientific study of underlying principles. In recent years much has been done to improve methods of administration, as well as methods of instruction, by statistical and other scientific studies of specific educational problems. Education has benefited much by the progress made in the measurement of intelligence. It is also building up a body of science of its own through comparative studies of progress made by groups of pupils under controlled conditions, thus finding a basis of determining the relative merits of different methods of procedure. By these means it is finding answers to such questions as:

In what subjects do pupils progress more rapidly by the method of individual rather than by the method of group instruction?

Where the method of group instruction is used, what size of group is most advantageous?

As a result of these studies, there is a growing tendency to provide increased opportunities for individual work in the acquisition of certain skills; and to increase the size of classes in certain types of group instruction.

Recent scientific studies in psychology, sociology, and economics are paving the way for more effective educational guidance of individuals and a greater degree of success in their vocational placement. Such guidance, however, calls for individual case studies, involving many factors in addition to those that can be treated by exact or mathematical methods.

Satisfactory progress in education can come only through combined use of philosophic study of the problem in its larger aspects, and scientific study of specific procedures; this will include study of the personal influence of teachers and of comrades. Discovery of the great influence of associates and of group standards is one of the outstanding results of the attempt during the last few years to make scientific study of character education methods. At the recent national educational meetings in Cleveland, Ohio, Dean William F. Russell, of Teachers' College, Columbia University, ventured to predict that the greatest contribution that will be made to the science of education during the next few years will come from the field of social psychology. Somewhat in line with this prediction was a paper presented by Professor Ross L. Finney, of the University of Minnesota, author of *A Sociological Philosophy of Education*, in which he suggested re-examination of the foundations of education in the light of all the social and human sciences. His contention was that the science of education, in the narrower sense, may contribute much toward determining how to further the learning process, but that it does not determine what to teach or what ultimate goals to aim at. In any attempt to work out a system of education these should first receive thorough-going consideration.

A closely allied thought was presented by Professor C. W. Bagley, of Columbia University, who, after presentation of statistics showing the high percentage of crime in our country and the youth of criminals generally, pointed out the necessity of re-evaluating educational aims and extending scientific study of methods to the question of moral influences as well as to the learning processes.

Dr. John J. Tigert, who recently resigned as United States Commissioner of Education to become president of the University of Florida, emphasized the same point.

Moral education is, of course, a very old problem in the history of education; but until recently, little has been done toward a scientific solution of the most effective methods of influencing character traits. During the last few years, however, large sums of money have been spent by some of the philanthropic foundations in support of scientific studies on this phase of education. The most notable of these efforts is the study by Hartshorne and May, under the general direction of Thorndike at Teachers' College, Columbia University.

Results of this work have been published at various times in magazine articles. A comprehensive survey and report, however, came out last year in a rather large volume, entitled *Studies in Deceit*, published by the Macmillan Company. Results of this study were at first rather startling to many people, since they seemed to show that the pupil's honesty was not improved by the instruction received in Sunday School; that is, in case of the pupils studied. The study, however, revealed nothing as to the effect of this instruction upon other phases of character, nor did the investigations, nor could they well, test every phase of honesty. Honesty is not a simple quality of character. It is well known that the same person may be very honest in some ways and at the same time dishonest in some other ways. These facts are recognized and noted by the authors. In the types of honesty tested there was a predominance of situations in which the pupil cheated in order to make a better showing in knowledge and skill; the kind of cheating that students indulge in in examinations, and toward which many individuals have a different attitude from that manifested in other situations. Some, at least, have the notion that by cheating in examinations they can better themselves without injuring anybody else. In this they are, of course, mistaken. It may be, however, that what they need is not less instruction in honesty, but more thorough-going instruction and the employment of more scientific methods. This is, of course, only a suggestion for further experimentation.

A study made a few years ago by Voelker, entitled *The Function of Ideals and Attitudes in Social Education*, a study in which the Scout methods of instruction were used, seemed to show that ideals can be taught, and can be made effective in improving conduct.

Scientific study of the problems of social and moral education is so new and so difficult that investigators hesitate to give more than tentative conclusions.

Among the notable studies in education carried on during the past twelve months are the following:

a. *Pre-school and Parental Education*, by a committee of the National Society for the Study of Education. This is published in two volumes:

Part I—Organization and Development.

Part II—Research and Methods.

These two volumes may be obtained from the Public School Publishing Co. of Bloomington, Ill. They represent the combined work of leading psychologists, psychiatrists, and practical educators, such as Patty Hill of Columbia University.

b. Of equal significance is *The Commonwealth Teacher*

Training Study, made by Charters and Waples and published by the University of Chicago Press.

These investigators have attempted an analysis and evaluation of all the activities of teachers while on their jobs, i. e., they have used the "job analysis" method. It is designed to reveal the best practices in teaching with a view to devising the most effective teacher-training methods.

c. A third important publication is *The Year-Book of the National Society of College Teachers of Education*, published by the University of Chicago Press.

This is given, in the main, to studies in the methods of teaching college students.

It may be noted in this connection that some universities are spending very liberally in research studies in this field, with a view to improving the methods of college education.

It should also be noted that systematic study of education began with the study of childhood education and that in the course of generations it became generally recognized that high school teachers also need to study educational methods as well as the particular subjects they are to teach. They are now required by law to do so. The process of extending this practice to college teachers is now well under way. This does not mean that scholarship requirements in academic subjects are to be lowered, but rather that these requirements are to be supplemented with professional scholarship and professional training. Surely understanding, on the part of the teacher, of human nature and of how best to deal with the young persons in his charge is as essential and just as much a matter of scholarship as is mastery of the so-called academic subjects. Recognition of this fact is sure to result in requirement of professional preparation of all teachers and consequent reduction of poor teaching.

LIVE EACH DAY

Live each day that evening shadows
May ne'er bring a blush of shame,
That your efforts be rewarded
By no taint upon your name.
Pause a moment, e're you slumber,
Scan your work and build upon
The successes and the failures
Of the day that's passed and gone.
Life is but a school of learning,
Each day but a little span,
Just one tiny link connecting
The experiences of man.

Lessons From Common Things

BY DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, PRESIDENT OF THE B. Y. U.

6. SOIL

THERE is nothing more common than the dirt on which we walk, or the clod we kick, or the dust that covers our shoes.

Yet the materials forming these are among the great marvels of the scientist. Technically, the soil is a combination of disintegrated rock material mixed with small amounts of organic matter which has resulted from the decay of vegetation or animals. Practically, it is the source of all the wealth of the world; that is, it furnishes directly or indirectly most of the food, clothing, and articles of comfort of mankind. The great industrial plants are, for the most part, merely re-working products which came from the soil. To many people soil is just "nasty dirt that keeps us brushing and washing to be rid of it," but to those who wish really to know the marvelous secrets of our world, it offers an almost limitless field for fascinating study.

What are some of the properties of soil which make it so interesting? The plants which are useful in furnishing man with food and clothing require certain chemical elements for their growth. There must always be ten distinct elements, and if any one of these is lacking the plants would not grow. No one, for example, has ever been able to make a single kernel of grain grow to maturity without the presence of nitrogen, calcium, phosphorus, and other necessary elements.

The earth has a diameter of approximately 8,000 miles. At the outer edge there is a thin layer—from a few inches to several feet—which has exactly the right physical and chemical properties for the production of plants, which are essential to man's welfare. The material deeper in the earth, or that from any other source, which failed to have exactly the constituents of the upper layer of soil on our world would not serve the purpose. It would contain too much of some elements, and not enough of others, or it might be too heavy or too light to pack just right, or again, it might not contain the proper amount of binding elements for the best welfare of the vegetation.

With the rocks of the right constituency, nature proceeded to pulverize the material just enough to allow the water to dissolve the elements needed by the plants, but not enough so that there would be a needless waste. If the particles were small enough so that water would dissolve the essential plant foods away, in a few years the land

would soon become unproductive. Nature sometimes does grind the rocks too fine for the best welfare of plants, but this is largely counteracted by the tendency which fine particles have to run together. Such fine material is almost invariably coated with gelatin-like substances which tend to group little colonies of particles together to form a larger soil grain and thus provide just the right conditions for the reception of water and air for a good growth of crops.

Plant rootlets as well as the tiny bacteria and fungi which are essential to the welfare of plants must have a proper balance of air and water about them for vigorous growth, and through a nicely balanced condition between the sticky materials and the attraction of particles for each other, and the pull of the water itself, the ideal condition is usually approximated. The various adjusting factors are continually active, distributing plant food equally throughout the soil, grouping the soil particles correctly, and stimulating the bacteria to activities which produce the foods needed by plants. So complicated are the actions that the human mind has not as yet been able to fathom more than a portion of the adjustments, but we know that the adjusting is done so nicely that there is almost perfect harmony between soil and plant.

With all of man's boasted knowledge, he could not as yet devise a soil which would better serve plants than has been provided by the Creator. Man would imagine that plant foods in abundance would be all that is needed, and forget the little items such as air space, neutral chemicals, bacteria, proper foundation material for tall plants, and other factors which are indispensable. Who but an infinitely wise Creator could keep track of the hundreds of fine adjustments that must be made in soils, and still make them all work in harmony for the welfare of plants, and therefore for the welfare of the master animal—Man? Who but the Almighty would not have left out just one single element which would forever have doomed all life on our earth?

VESPER BREEZES

Vesper breezes, softly sighing,
From the grove sweet fragrance bring,
Sing a dirge while day is dying,
Sadly sweet the songs they sing.

Vesper breezes, gently blowing,
Stir the pine-tops dark and high,
While the last faint light is going,
Through the trees they sob and sigh.

Rustling leaves join the faint chorus,
Gently sung to fading light,
Tender strains come floating o'er us,
Dying in the depths of night.

Supple boughs and branches swinging
Seem to wave a sad farewell,
While a parting song they're singing
Sweeter far than tongue can tell.

Logan, Utah

SAMUEL B. MITTON

Joseph The Prophet

REMARKS BY ORSON F. WHITNEY, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE
TWELVE, DELIVERED BEFORE THE M. I. A. CONFERENCE,
SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 9, 1929

"Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah!
Jesus anointed that prophet and seer;
Blessed to open the last dispensation;
Kings shall extol him and nations revere."

MY theme is Joseph the Prophet, founder and first President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. A great man—yes, but that is mere platitude, spoken of many men. This man was the most wonderful human being that has walked the earth in two thousand years. He was a light shining in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended him not.

Great as Seer, Revelator and Prophet, he was also great as a far-seeing and philanthropic statesman, a patriot *par excellence*, a thinker without peer.

Joseph Smith was known for his respect for law, his reverence for authority. The principles of the Gospel, restored through him to the world, were laws instituted by the eternal Father of All for the uplift of his children—the whole human race; and to him the fundamental law of all laws was obedience to the divine Law-giver. Says this inspired oracle: "There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundation of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated; and when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated."

According to his teachings, the glorified planets are God's kingdoms; to every kingdom a law has been given; and men and women, to inherit any one of those kingdoms, must abide the law pertaining thereto, whether it be celestial, terrestrial, or telestial. All will be judged according to their works, according to the desires of their hearts, and each will receive a just and fitting recompense in one or another of the "many mansions" of the Father.

Joseph Smith was a real and true American, upholding "government of the people, by the people, for the people." When asked how he managed to govern a community made up of so many different nationalities, with all their varying languages, customs, and traditions, he answered: "I teach them correct principles, and they govern themselves."

He revered the Constitution and the laws enacted in conformity therewith. The only fault he found with the Government—and it was persons, not principles, that he censured—was when the sworn

officers of the Government failed to enforce the laws against those who violated them, who trampled upon the rights of law-abiding citizens, persecuted the innocent, robbed them, drove them from their homes, and went unwhipped of justice.

He favored freedom for the slaves of the South, not by a costly and ruinous war and the confiscation or devastation of property, but by the fair and honorable purchase of the slaves from their masters, with funds realized from the sale of public lands; thus making their freedom a gift from the Government, the greatest and most generous on earth.

"A Utopian dream, impracticable," men said. But the philosopher Emerson did not think so; for he advocated, eleven years later, the identical, self-same proposition. Lincoln himself proposed it, even while the war was raging; but his views were frowned upon by the shallow minds surrounding him—pin-head politicians who could not rise to his magnanimous level, but with malice in their hearts, where he had only charity and forgiveness, could think of nothing but revenge and the humiliation of a valiant and vanquished foe.

Emerson and Lincoln were men of another stamp; and so was Joseph Smith, the peer of sages and of statesmen, the wonder-man of all the centuries succeeding the age in which One greater still, One who spake as never man spake, proclaimed the love of God and of fellow-men the supreme, over-flowing principle upon which hang all the laws and the prophets.

Many great men there have been, but only one Joseph Smith. Were he alive and on earth today, who can doubt what his attitude would be upon the grave questions now agitating his and our beloved country? Who can doubt that he would be a staunch supporter—nay, the very author of the slogan: "We Stand for the Preservation of our Heritage through Obedience to Law."

THE NIGHT

I love the night, the sweeping wings of dark
That fold away the weary scenes of day,
When restless things take breath and seem to hark
For pulse of life and loving worlds away.

I love the quiet crooning of the dusk,
When twilight drains the ruby from the rose,
And every dusty leaf and stalk and husk
Is sprayed with dewy incense and repose.

I love the swinging stars, where—not so far—
My Maker bides beyond the spangled rim,
'Tis in the night I ponder what you are—
O soul of mine that reaches up to Him!

Our New Slogan

ABSTRACT OF REMARKS MADE BY ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT
MELVIN J. BALLARD ON THE NEW SLOGAN: "WE
STAND FOR THE PRESERVATION OF OUR HERITAGE
THROUGH OBEDIENCE TO LAW."

YOU will no doubt be impressed by the close similarity of this year's slogan to that which the Mutual Improvement Associations selected last year. The recent slogan, however, dealt with three questions: namely, the necessity of law, our standing shoulder to shoulder with the people who recognize the necessity of law, and our support of the officers who enforce the established law.

Great interest has been awakened through the discussions that have taken place during the past year in this field, and many thousands are now considering daily these very vital problems. The president of the United States—Herbert Hoover—in his inaugural address, laid special emphasis upon obedience to law as one of the important things for the American people to consider; and he is making so earnest an effort to awaken the consciousness of the American people to the need of self-control in this respect that we have been encouraged to continue our work and again this year lay emphasis upon the necessity of individual obedience to law.

We have connected it up with our heritage. By our heritage we mean all that has come to us, both of a spiritual and a temporal character, from our forefathers. The clean life they have lived has transmitted to us bodies undefiled and uncontaminated, the moral heritage, the political heritage—our glorious privileges in this most blessed of all lands. While there are many who have recently become members of the Church and have not thereby received through inheritance all that has come to those who are of the third, fourth or fifth generation of Latter-day Saints, these are adopted children and therefore full heirs to all the blessings and privileges that belong to the members of this great Church.

We recognize that all these sacred blessings, whether they be political, spiritual, physical or moral, have come to us as the result of obedience on the part of our forefathers to those eternal laws established by the Almighty as well as to the laws established by men. The spirit of this age is the spirit of self-indulgence, and many are fast losing the power of self-control. No civilization can be preserved by any people who have lost completely the power of self-control. Therefore, recognizing that these glorious things which have come to us are in danger of destruction through this tendency

toward self-indulgence and the violations of those eternal principles upon which these sacred blessings were secured, we feel there is danger that these glorious inheritances may be lost to us unless we preserve them by the same obedience to these laws that our forefathers observed and by which they secured these sacred privileges and blessings.

A great American patriot has said that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. We cannot for a moment relax in our attention to those principles through which our sacred privileges were secured and expect or hope that they may be retained by us. Full warning comes from the wise fathers who laid the foundation of our republic as well as from inspired prophets who wrote upon this American continent. The Book of Mormon prophet saw the day when this land called "choice above all other lands" should be inhabited by a mighty nation whom God would raise up of the Gentiles; and yet comes the warning that if this nation of the Gentiles shall forget the God of the land, who is Jesus Christ, they cannot preserve themselves as a mighty nation in full possession of the glorious privileges and blessings America offers.

During the establishment of the Federal Constitution, at a time when Congress was about to adjourn in utter confusion, their attempt to establish a government a failure, a wise statesman, Benjamin Franklin, arose and said: "In the beginning of the conquest with Great Britain when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for divine protection. Our prayers, sir, were heard and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed the frequent instances of a superintending providence in our favor. To that kind providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten this powerful friend or do we imagine that we no longer need his assistance? I have lived a long time and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth—that God governs the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it possible that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings that except the Lord builds a house they labor in vain who build it. I firmly believe this and I also believe that without this conferring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel."

He then proposed that Congress adjourn for three days and in humility seek the Lord for guidance, and when they returned that they should begin each assembly with a petition to the Almighty. George Washington arose with a smile upon his face and seconded that motion. When Congress reassembled they did seek divine guidance and in the brief period of a few weeks produced the greatest

political document that has ever been formed by men. The Lord Almighty was in it, as is clearly indicated in his revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith, wherein he said that he raised up inspired men who produced this Constitution.

At a critical period in this government's history, the wise statesman, Daniel Webster, said: "If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible our country will go out prospering and to prosper, but if we and our posterity neglect this instruction and authority no man can tell how soon some great catastrophe may overwhelm us and bury all our glory in profound obscurity." In his farewell address, President George Washington said: "Let it simply be asked where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation deserts the oaths of office, which are the instruments of investigation in the courts of justice. And let us with caution indulge in the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles."

So these fathers knew well that this government was brought forth by the aid of the Almighty. Upon their coin they placed the words: "In God We Trust." Many thought that the American Government was an experiment. Other nations felt that it was impossible for this nation to go forward without a king.

Our answer to the European countries and their criticism is breathed in the song we often hear, "America," particularly in the last verse, wherein is expressed the sentiment of these great fathers. It is a prayer as well as a declaration: "Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King." Here was the answer. America does have a king and the God of Heaven is that king. When troublesome days came to the republic established by the patriotic fathers and internal strife was tearing it asunder, President Lincoln issued a proclamation on the 30th day of March, 1863. Among other things he said: "We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of heaven, we have been preserved these many years in peace and prosperity. We have grown in numbers, wealth and power as no other nation has ever grown, but we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us, and we have vainly imagined in the deceitfulness of our hearts that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us."

So come the warnings from prophets and statesmen, that if America is to preserve her sacred heritage, her political independence, she must continue to obey the laws of the Almighty as well as the laws of this nation. Great are the sacred heritages that have come to us, as the descendants of those men to whom God spoke in this last age and upon whom he conferred the Holy Priesthood in connection with the restoration of the Gospel. And the future is clearly indicated in what those sacred privileges will bring.

Among other things I desire to call attention to the following from the 86th section of the Doctrine and Covenants, verses 8-11:

"Therefore, thus saith the Lord unto you, with whom the Priesthood hath continued through the lineage of your fathers—

"For ye are lawful heirs, according to the flesh, and have been hid from the world with Christ in God—

"Therefore your life and the Priesthood have remained, and must needs remain through you and your lineage until the restoration of all things spoken by the mouths of all the holy prophets since the world began.

"Therefore, blessed are ye if ye continue in my goodness, a light unto the Gentiles, and through this Priesthood, a savior unto my people Israel. The Lord hath said it."

A little more than a year ago in this building an eminent lecturer, one of America's foremost philosophers, discussing the question, "Can the present civilization endure?" called attention to the fact that the civilizations of the past arose to heights and then perished. He asked the question? "Where might the world not have been if, instead of building and destroying, we had gone on from the days of Babylon until this present time?" And further: "Has the day dawned or will it ever come when a civilization will be established that will endure forever?" My soul thrilled at that question because the answer came clear. It was in the promise of the prophet Daniel, who saw the rise and fall of empires and then saw a day when the God of Heaven would establish a kingdom that should never fail. That day has dawned.

You will read in section 103, of the book of Doctrine and Covenants, the Lord's declaration that he has decreed that his people, inasmuch as they hearken to all the words which he, the Lord, their God, shall speak unto them, shall never cease to prevail until the kingdoms of this world are subdued under his feet and the earth is given unto the Saints to possess it forever and ever.

Yes, the day has dawned when a kingdom is being established. It is spiritual, to be linked up with that political kingdom that God raised up, the United States of America, that shall be an ensign to all nations, and it is our holy privilege to preserve these things for the redemption and salvation of men politically and spiritually. Let us

not abandon our standards, but, in the self-discipline that we may exercise, keep ourselves true to the faith and preserve for ourselves and the generations that are to come the sacred privileges that are ours, and not many generations shall pass away until we shall produce the greatest race of men and women that has ever lived. Men shall come from the ends of the earth to learn of this people and their ways.

God help us to preserve this heritage for us and our children, is my wish and prayer.

OUR EARTH-EARNED HEAVEN

Man, make your life a peaceful heaven bright,
Be optimistic, cheerful. See the earth
As God would you should see it from your birth.
Don't let the world to you be darkest night.

In every phase of life acknowledge God,
Unfathomed though at times some things appear.
All negatives will then pass to the rear,
And lighter far will be your daily load.

What would our lives be if 'twere always spring?
Monotonous 'twould be in very deed.
The flowers like a garden full of weeds,
And birds' sweet tones would have no cheerful ring.

Were opposite existences not here,
And man knew naught but sweet felicity,
Kind nature's smiles a mockery would be
And heaven would turn dark in one short year.

By drinking to the dregs from sorrow's bowl,
Appreciate we then a happy boon.
Dark midnight makes the sun more bright at noon;
Deep tribulation sure expands the soul.

'Tis sorrow builds our shining steeple tower;
Its golden steps made from our saddest pain.
The sting of sorrow comes, 'twill come again,
As long as we refuse its sweetened bower.

The greatest soul to reach the heaven above
Will pass a life of trouble, grief and pain.
Triumphant o'er it all at last he'll reign,
Appreciating earth's made heaven of love.

Adults and Leisure Time

ABSTRACT OF REMARKS MADE IN CONVENTION, SATURDAY
MORNING, JUNE 8, 1929, BY DR. JOS. F. MERRILL,
CHURCH COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION

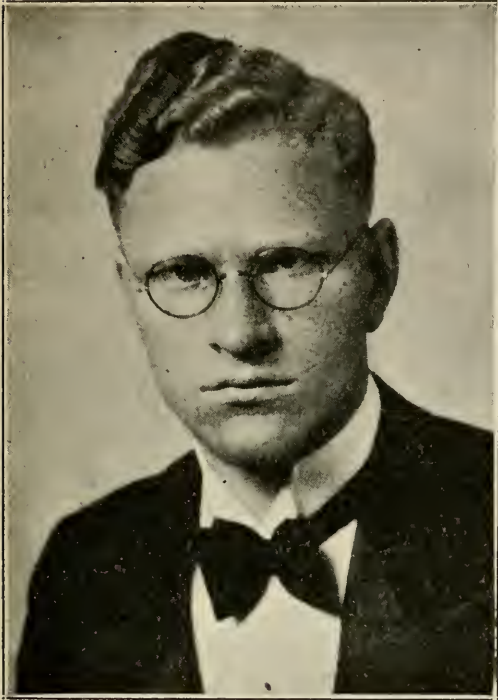
DO adults have leisure time—time off from necessary gainful occupations in which they are free to do the things they really like to do? Certainly, answers the Adult Committee of the two M. I. A. boards. Everyone can find leisure hours, particularly if one's time is budgeted, a thing that business efficiency requires shall be done if waste is to be avoided and the most accomplished. And modern conditions are continually providing more and more "leisure time." How shall the Mutuels help adults to use this time in order that they may have "a more abundant life"—a fuller, richer, and happier life?

The answer is, by providing a program that will furnish opportunity for the self-expression of each individual along the lines of his interests that will contribute to his growth and satisfaction. The "wholesome use of leisure time" means much more than being engaged only in amusements or activities for the fun or relaxation found therein. Continual growth is the objective, to reach which work and play are both necessary.

But play carries with it the idea of youth. Growth also involves the idea of being young. But to please God we must always be growing. And activity—self-expression—is the natural law of growth, the thing upon which growth depends. Hence the M. I. A. program for the Adult Department, like the program for other departments, is essentially an activity program, made up of those activities needful to keep adults growing—a process that should never stop no matter how many years the individual may carry. An interesting research recently made showed, contrary to popular belief, that people of fifty can learn very nearly as fast as people twenty years of age. One never gets too old to learn. And it is not in God's program that one should stop learning. Hence, the M. I. A. appeals to all, "old" and young, the mature and the youthful. It provides the opportunity for work, play, study and recreation, a variety of forms of self-expression in mental, spiritual, and physical fields. Active participation in its programs will contribute effectively to the "abundant life," the living of which will fulfill the purpose of life and bring us nearest to God.

Dishonest America

WINNING M-MEN'S ADDRESS, DELIVERED BY MELVIN HYDE RIDGES AT THE M. I. A. CONFERENCE, SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1929



MELVIN HYDE RIDGES

A WELL-GROOMED American was playing at solitaire. After a few moments it seemed that he was stuck, beaten by the cards. He hesitated, glanced about the room as though fearing detection, then, slipping a card from under one of the piles, he played it on the board. He won the game.

"Rather a measly form of cheating," I thought.

It called to mind a remark made by a German professor who had been traveling in this country for some months. He said, "American Democracy cannot survive. The people do not do what they believe. They are not honest." Such a remark from one so well educated surprised me, but was dismissed from mind almost immediately.

Last summer, on a local green, we discovered a lone gentleman playing golf. His ball was evidently ditched behind a sand bank. He swung viciously. The sand sprayed. Again he swung with the same result. Then, a bit sheepishly it seemed, he stooped, caught the ball, tossed it about fifty feet and recorded a score.

The incident reminded me of our friend the solitaire player, and the German scholar who said, "Americans are not honest," and it hurt.

But if we only cheated ourselves at solo golf and solitaire the German would never have made this remark. If we only cheated when alone, he would not have seen dishonesty cropping out in every phase of our national life. But he saw that the city of Chicago had more crime than the whole British nation. He had heard that a member of the Presidential Cabinet accepted bribes. He saw senators, governors, mayors and captains of industry throughout the

land,—cheating. Had he looked a bit closer he might have seen the dog catchers.

He saw it in our politics. He saw it in our social life. He knew there were Americans who voted for prohibition who would not refrain from drink, and so he said, "Americans do not do what they believe. American Democracy cannot survive." He knew that no nation could maintain a desirable civilization unless the people practice self-control. That is why he said, "American Democracy cannot survive."

This germ which we see at work on the green and in the drawing room has infected our business, as we may see by the petty squibs we tell in our advertisements. A certain cigarette, we are told, will make us athletic, healthy, trim, and handsome. A given brand of chewing gum will cleanse our teeth, remedy our digestive ailments, and even lengthen the span of our lives.

On the strength of a newspaper advertisement a woman recently purchased some reducing pills. They worked wonders. Astounded at her marvelous loss of weight, she had the pills examined. They were nothing more than sugar-coated tape-worm heads, which grew within her body to malignant parasites to sap her vitality and eventually take her life. Yet someone thought this was good business.

Who has never purchased an all-wool suit to find that there was not a wisp of wool in it? Who has never seen ten gallons of gas poured into a nine-gallon tank? Who has never paid the price of potatoes for the grocer's hand that weighed them? These are tendencies which are becoming altogether too common in our business today.

Our politics, our social life, and our business are all infected. Shall we call it a moral epidemic?

We justly look to the college for hope. There we build our dreams of tomorrow. There we are moulding leaders who are both trained and capable.

But if you walk into the examination room of any average American university, you may see students stealing forbidden glances at concealed notebooks. Some will be turning pages with their feet, while from the sleeves of others cards are slipped out and in, which give clandestine assistance to the reader. If you happen into the examination room where a true-false test is being given, you will hear mysteriously muffled taps, coughs and scuffles which tell the students whether to answer "yes" or "no."

I have seen students sell each other well-marked laboratory manuals and notebooks which are guaranteed to give satisfaction. There are in existence boarding houses where ponies to certain

courses are systematically filed. Above all, a fellow in a certain department of a Western university actually sold keys to an examination, the papers of which he himself corrected.

If we expect clever leaders tomorrow we shall have them. I see coming from these class rooms tomorrow's presidents, senators and teachers. These astute students of today will enforce tomorrow's prohibition laws. They will grant our oil leases. They will teach our children.

This germ which has infected our society, corrupted our politics, and dishonored our schools baffles both the wit and the will of science. No microscope can find it nor measure compass it. Athletic and intelligent policemen and restrictive laws alike are powerless to cope with it. What shall we do?

Will the America that routed the hookworm and banished malaria bow to such a plague? The America that wove a few thousand miles of rails and telegraph wires and a mere few millions of people into a nation, are her dreams to be wasted now? How will the America that made popular education a fact solve this problem?

I know of only one time in history when this question has been adequately answered. That was in a crime-riddled China, twenty-four hundred years ago. A man by the name of Confucius was made governor of an important city. He made so marvelous a change in the manners and morals of the people that he was appointed minister of justice. After a short while, historians tell us, there was no need to put the penal laws into action in his province, as there were no criminals to be found.

If we were to ask this sagacious Chinaman how to solve the problem of dishonesty in our country today, he would say, "If you desire an honest nation, you must first rectify your state; before you rectify your state, you must clean up your city; before you cleanse your city, you must have an honest family, and you cannot have an honest family unless you think true thoughts and put them into action unflinching yourself."

Clearly, then, our problem is one of individual will. What America needs to do is to put to work again the will that turned the greatest offensive of all time into a frantic retreat at Cantigny, Belleau Wood, and the Argonne Forest. That will that flung our navies across the seas to say, "La Fayette, we are here," must help us in this crisis.

That will which pushed the handcarts across the plains; the will that drove the iron horse through the mountains; that will that made of thirteen squabbling colonies the greatest nation the world has ever seen cannot, it must not, fail us now,

The Mutual and the Adolescent

By E. CECIL MCGAVIN

ONE of the most serious questions confronting the present generation is the alarming increase of juvenile crime. In recent weeks the American press has been kept busy recording the ignoble deeds of our young citizens. Never before have the youth of this country attracted such widespread attention and proscription. From every direction comes the cry that our home life is decadent and that the moral ruin of the race is imminent.

Reformers are agreed that the only panacea for this evil is a reconstruction of our home life. Parental supervision has relaxed and the children, during the most important period of their life, are neglected and drift into sin.

Surveys made by Elwood and other leading sociologists show that about 75 % of the inmates in reformatory and penal institutions come from abnormal homes, where divorce or death have augmented the forces of disintegration. In these abnormal homes the religious development of the children has been neglected in almost every case. This is a neglect of the most vital factor in the development of character. This condition, however, is prevalent even among the so-called normal homes and partly accounts for the increasing crime wave among the American youth.

It is estimated that of 32,000,000 children in the public schools of the United States in 1925, 27,000,000, or 65 % of them, under twenty-five years of age, are not enrolled in any Sunday School and do not receive any systematic religious instruction. Thirteen million of these neglected children are under fifteen years of age. This deplorable condition is productive of juvenile delinquency more than any other single factor.

One is almost safe in saying that at this period of life, from 14 to 20 years of age, children must be given religious training else they perish. To the human being no period in life is so full of import as the years between 14 and 20. When this period begins the person is but a child, with childish thoughts and ambitions. When the era ends he has become a man with the greatest decisions of life already made, with the destiny of his life practically settled. New sensations are at hand. The boy seeks the admiration of his fellows and is likely to form habits to gain their applause. This is the period of life when the demon tobacco will, if possible, fasten his fetters upon the boy and blind him to all things noble.

Character develops as fast as cells multiply, hence the moral

surroundings must be carefully guarded. This is the storm and stress period when life's moral fiber is being formed.

The transformation of chrysalis into butterfly is no more wonderful than the change in the properly directed youth. As the spring sunshine bursts the uncomely bud, adorning it with fragrance and beauty, so nature unfolds within the growing youth those latent qualities which develop into manhood and womanhood.

At this same age the desire to form "gangs" and evade the home influence is very strong, but parallel with it is the religious awakening or instinct which must be adequately supplied to insure normal development. Statistics carefully compiled by Geo. A. Coe, comprising 1,784 cases from all groups of people, denote that the average age of conversion was 16.4 years. G. Stanley Hall studied over 4,000 cases and concluded that the average age of conversion was about 16 years of age.

It has been ascertained by numerous investigators, including our modern psychologists, that the average age for highest religious interest is from 12 to 15 years of age.

Joseph Smith was a perfectly normal child and as these sensations arose within him he sought to satisfy them. He was not yet 15 years old when his religious interest drove him to the grove to pray.

At 16 years of age the physical and psychical ferment of adolescence is at its height. More people in the Christian churches of the United States join the church at 16 years than at any other age.

This religious enthusiasm is merely one of the phenomenal changes common to adolescence.

It is no exaggeration to say that the adolescent period is the most important era in the life of an individual. He must be sacredly guided over this perilous part of the journey of life or the teeming energy within will drive the youth into the broad way of sin.

At this age the youth stands at the threshold of futurity. The two paths lie before him, the terminals of which he cannot see. It is at this point he makes the supreme decision of life. Where guidance is lacking he is lured by the well-beaten path which leads to regret and despair.

At this same age he is very sensitive to impressions which will enable him to build a character that the storms of time cannot undermine.

The Y. M. C. A. recently made an extensive survey over the United States and Canada. In almost every case the one special choice which turned the life of the person upward instead of downward was made between the ages 14 and 20.

Investigation has proved that more people take to criminal

acts at the age of 20 or under than at any or all periods of their life combined.

In 1897, the average age for entering prison in the United States was 23 years. In 1924, the average was 21 years.

According to the October report of the Prison Commissioner of New York state, in one jail in New York City during the last five years there have been 12,342 males and 1,346 female prisoners between 16 and 24 years of age confined within its walls.

The mid-western state Indiana is considered a fair average for the entire United States. In that state over a period of ten years the average age of conviction, in the six chief classes of serious crimes, was dropped from 31 years in 1915 to 24 years in 1925. Of 6,000 persons arrested in Boston during 1924, 80% of them were minors. A similar study in Omaha reveals the fact that of over 8,000 criminal cases investigated, less than 3% of them had the benefit of religious education.

Not long ago a prominent attorney in St. Louis declared that "80% of the criminals coming before the bar are under 30 years of age and most of them are between 16 and 25 years of age."

These young people are not in the feeble-minded class, driven by a demented brain, as some people have argued. The inmates of the prisons of the United States are on a par with the mental equipment of the American Expeditionary Force. In other words, about average. They are intelligent, ambitious youths whose energies have been misdirected and whose life has been ruined because no guide posts were accessible as they approached the point where the road divides—that point where there is "a highway and a low-way," one of which must be taken.

The above cases are taken as typical of the condition existing throughout the United States. Similar cases might be multiplied indefinitely. The following should convince all of the seriousness of this problem in our own vicinity: During one week, a few years ago, ten men were brought before the bar of the Federal Judge in Salt Lake City. They were found guilty of the most heinous crimes, second only to murder. But more appalling than the gravity of the offense was the fact that eight of the guilty were minors.

The public attention has been called to this issue as never before. Reformers everywhere are suggesting a solution for the evil. President Hoover sees beyond the shameful facts and proposes reform which strikes at the very causes of this terrible condition. Before a convention of the Y. W. C. A. held recently, the president said, "The present day need of the American youth is more home control through parental action. There are too many indications that the functions of parenthood are breaking down. Too many people are neglecting the well-being of their children, shifting the responsibility

for their actions and turning over supervision of their control and discipline to the juvenile courts. A very large proportion of the outcasts and criminals come from the ranks of those who lost the advantage of normal parental control in their youth."

A prominent social worker gives the following solution: "Home earlier in the evenings, more of the fireside frank discussions, and close companionship with the family, is the only salvation for posterity."

While the world stands aghast, searching for remedies, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints continues its efforts to find successful methods of insuring a proper development of youth through religious training.

All of the organizations of the Church contribute to this superb character-building, but foremost of all is the Mutual, because of the direct appeal it makes to our youth. The Mutual extends the hand of fellowship to him just as he enters the most perilous period of life. Before he is lured into the "low-way" of life, this organization is placing before him true standards which he can hardly resist.

Most adolescents attend sacrament meetings and other religious gatherings reluctantly, but the Mutual has so much to offer that even the careless will usually attend.

During this period they desire to associate with the opposite sex. This social aspect, then, is one of the attractions of the Mutual. It not only affords an opportunity of association, but above all else, it emphatically teaches the moral code.

The M. I. A. has a stimulating appeal to the adolescent. It speaks in terms that he understands and to which he can freely respond with all his faculties. There the youth is fired with a zeal to achieve noble aims, to guard his thoughts and habits and be submissive to parental discipline.

The Mutual recognizes the physical and mental changes characteristic of puberty and has developed a comprehensive system adequately to supply his new desires and direct the teeming energy of his fast-developing body. The individuality of each person is recognized and developed. The dormant talents of the shy, awkward youth are improved by the many wholesome activities in which he is encouraged to participate. No matter what his talents are the broad range of expression is sure to find and make use of them. For this purpose the following activities are featured: Reading, dramatics, public speaking, singing and instrumental work. The M Men's organization adds to this list all wholesome forms of physical development. Thus his leisure time is occupied with the best of activity and his energy is spent in healthful recreation. His time is so well occupied with Mutual work that evil desires find no lodgment in his active mind. He realizes that "the idle brain

is the devil's workshop," and that through purity of life he is guided by heavenly inspiration.

Among the best remedial prescriptions for the improvement of the young generation is the one quoted above, "Home earlier in the evenings, more of the fireside frank discussions and closer companionship with the family is the only salvation for posterity." This same point of view was in the minds of the leaders of the Church when the Weekly Home Evening was instituted to allow all members of the family to partake of the "fireside frank discussions." This occasion affords the parents a good opportunity to discuss confidentially the problems of the rapidly changing youth and impress upon them the advantages of good friends and books. The parent is not left to his own resources in the selection of appropriate books for that particular age. The Mutual, in its wisdom, has instituted reading courses which supply the public with the most wholesome and invigorating books on the market. During the adolescent years a good book is a powerful character builder.

Moreover, the bond of sacred companionship between parent and child has been strengthened by the Fathers and Sons' Outing, and the Mothers and Daughters' Outing. On such excursions into the beauties of Nature, the parent becomes better acquainted with his child, and in the sylvan depths of "God's first Temple," can impress upon his responsive soul his responsibility to God and to his fellow-men. As the philosopher Kant was "filled with awe by the starry heavens," so, too, under the same scintillating canopy the vibrating strings of the human heart are in tune with the voice Divine. Of equal value in character training is the practical instructions of the Bee-Hive and Camp Fire Girls organizations.

The M. I. A. occupies a most enviable and strategic position for adolescent guidance. The creditable achievements of its eventful years of existence bespeak its divinity in terms which even our unbelieving world must recognize.

If all the youth of America were members of the Mutual the problem before the states would be the enlargement of institutions of learning, not the present problem of establishing more institutions of reform.

The Mutual does not take the responsibility from the home, but supplements it, and constantly reminds the parents of their obligation as made known by the voice of revelation:

"Inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or any of her stakes which are organized, and that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ, the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the Gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents.

"And they shall also teach their children to pray and walk uprightly before the Lord."

This is the secret of the unequalled success of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the training of their youth. One of the greatest agencies engaged in character building is the Mutual.

Scout Director Oscar A. Kirkham expressed the thoughts of thousands of conscientious Mutual workers when he recently declared, "It found me. It blessed me. It gave me opportunity for my best work and has graciously rewarded me with my greatest joys."

WANTED—A SELF-STARTER

He came at 8 p. m., and said

He couldn't stay a minute.

At first he wouldn't take a chair,

At last he settled in it.

He talked until the clock proclaimed

It was eleven-twenty,

He rose, with hat in hand, remarked,

"Well, I have stayed a-plenty."

I thought by that he soon would go,

But there he kept me standing,

Expatiating on his views,

His theories expanding.

I gave the most polite replies

Which made him more loquacious,

And finally said not a word,

But inwardly, good gracious!

I napped at intervals, but woke

To murmur, "please excuse me,"

But till the clock struck one, this man

Continued to abuse me.

Self-starters grace the motor cars,

Let us begin a movement

To have long callers fitted out

With this unique improvement.



INDIANS THEN AND NOW. THE WHITE MAN IN UPPER PICTURE IS WILLIAM F. HANSEN

The Indians—Yesterday and Today

BY GLEN PERRINS

66 **H**I YA! YIP YA! HI!"—the war whoops of yesterday have changed; they are of an entirely different nature. Today the Indians are peaceful. Their war cries have died out, and in their place have come the sweet, peaceful talk of civilization.

Of course, at Spalding, Idaho, and in parts of Utah when weird ceremonies of the medicine and bear dances are carried on day and night because of tribal tradition, one hears the chants of the Redskins and sees them bedecked in their most elaborate finery of the war-parade days. But in the main, the Indian warrior resembles his white brother.

In Utah former warriors are making splendid progress at farming. They are intelligent tillers of the soil and are developing into valuable citizens on the reservations. For example: The Uintah and Ouray Indian reservation lies in northeastern Utah, in what is commonly known as the Uintah Basin. The headquarters for the administration of affairs of the Indians are located at Fort Duchesne, Utah, an abandoned military post.

This reservation consists of approximately 325,000 acres of the choicest lands of this locality—55,000 acres of these lands are developed and have a first-class water right therefor. The government has provided an elaborate irrigation system for the reservation lands,—20,000 acres of these lands have not as yet been developed. There is sufficient water for this extensive tract, and the development thereof will be taken care of in the future. Over 250,000 acres have been reserved for grazing purposes, and they include some of the best grazing lands in the Uintah mountains and the foothills nearby.

There are 1,178 Indians on this reservation—the Utes consisting of three distinct bands: Uintahs, Whiterivers and Uncompahgres. These bands inter-marry to quite a large extent.

The principal activities of the Indians are farming and the growing of livestock. These Indians farm about 15,000 acres of land and raise some splendid crops, of which the alfalfa seed and clover seed, hay, wheat, oats and corn are the principal ones. These are prize winners at fairs and other exhibitions in which white men participate.

Fruits of all kinds do well on the Uintah and Ouray Indian reservation, the temperate zone furnishing an excellent climate. Excellent peaches, apples, etc., are grown.

Poultry, honey-production and dairying are among the prin-

cipal industries. Most of the Indians are trying hard to make good in their farming work and are succeeding very well. The project farmers who work with the Indians and teach them how to do things, say the superintendents, are performing a great service. In our competition between chapters it is not the prizes that interest us so much as it is the feeling of accomplishment and the educational value.

The Indian is wise.

The former warriors see the advantages of becoming good farmers. They are well behaved and quiet in their dealings with the white people and are working out their own problems with the greatest success.

Another example of the complete change in the Indians of today over yesterday: The Washakie Indians who war-whooped around the log cabins of the Utah Pioneers in the northern part of the state are now singing hymns and going to Latter-day Saint meetings. Their war chants are now Church songs. The Redskins come humbly with the white brothers to worship the same God.

Evidence of this change was apparent in Salt Lake City at a recent conference when the Indians participated in the session program. Descendants of the Shoshone warriors journeyed to Salt Lake from Washakie, Malad Valley, Utah, where they have a ward of their own and worship as typical "Mormons." These dark-skinned people represented the Washakie ward, which has a membership of more than 100 Indians. The natives themselves conduct the auxiliary organizations and activities.

Services in the Washakie ward are conducted in the Shoshone tongue. The scriptures are studied from the English and translated by the educated members of the tribe.

The tepees of the long-haired Nez Perce Indians, attending the traditional tribal medicine dance of the unconverted Redskins, are quite different from the frame white-man-like homes of most of the Indians in the Washakie ward, Box Elder county, Utah. The new houses are homes. They are erected by the Indians on the rich grazing lands of this country.

Incidentally, as yet only three per cent of Utah and but four per cent of Idaho territory is under cultivation. That leaves a considerable space of unfenced territory in these two states alone in which the Indian might hunt and homestead. There is plenty of room in this country for the Redskins.

INDIANS AS THEY APPEARED—YESTERDAY AND TODAY

What a contrast!—The appearance of the Indians of yesterday and those of today is shown in the foregoing pictures, one of William F. Hanson and some of his Ute friends (Quinance, famous

singer of the Utes at their ceremonials, is upon Mr. Hanson's left) in their tribal costumes. The bottom picture is of the Washakie Sunday school group. The party includes Moroni Timbimboo, superintendent of the Washakie school, and his wife, his daughters, Joanna and Hazel Timbimboo, and baby; John Pabawena, wife and papoose; James M. Pabawena and wife and Mose Neaman, snapped on the "Mormon" temple grounds. Note the modern appearance and dress of the Indians.

LIFT UP THE VOICE*

Lift up the voice, 'tis God's command,
Speak forth both long and loud,
For all the world—yea, ev'ry land—
The meek as well as proud—
Must hear the Gospel message sent
Once more to sons of men;
Of ev'ry sin they must repent
And turn to God again.

In ages past the Gospel pure
Was taught by Christ, the Lord.
But men his truth could not endure,
And strayed far from his word.
They e'en forgot the form of God,
And made him some great myth,
But light and truth have gone abroad,
Revealed by Joseph Smith.

In his own image God made man
And placed him on the earth,
To bring to pass his mighty plan
And save all souls of worth.
Then lift aloud the warning voice,
Fear not, though hosts combine,
And e'en in sorrow you'll rejoice—
The mandate is divine.

DAVID R. LYON

*Doc. and Cov. 34:6.

On the Trail Ahead of the "Mormons"

BY CARTER E. GRANT

[Note: This is the second article of a series of frontier stories, the first appearing in the July number.]

The wail of the Red Chiefs against the Whites:

"The Great Spirit made all peoples, white and red,
And pitched one big blue tepee over head
That men might live as brothers side by side.
Behold! Is not our country very wide,
With room enough for all! And there were some
Who answered scornfully: 'Not so they come;
Their medicine is strong, their hearts are bad;
A little part of what our fathers had
They give us now; tomorrow come and take!' "

—Neihardt, "Song of the Indian Wars."

When the wounded Jedediah S. Smith reached Fort Henry, after being carried more than a hundred miles over long and difficult trails from his sick bed on the Powder river, the north wind gave promise of cold weather. Already the Henry-Ashley trappers, over a hundred in number, stepped lively, endeavoring to keep pace with the hurrying season. While some of the men anxiously labored at the fort, others were following the streams on the fall beaver hunt. Here in the wilderness, southeast from what is now the Yellowstone Park, gathered also the friendly Crow nation, bringing chief, buck, squaw, dark-eyed maidens and children, all anxious for the white man's presents, coming also to do some trading on their own account in horses, dried berries and pelts.

We are given a glimpse of the hunter's winter pastime in Neihardt's *Splendid Wayfaring*.

"The new year of 1824 arrived in the midst of tremendous blizzards, and for weeks the trappers had nothing to do but to eat, sleep, sing, clog to a voyageur's fiddling, and swap yarns. The latter occupation offered the best avenue of escape from tedium; for man is so constituted that he is never really

happy except when creative; and yarn-ing, as these men understood it, was, at its best, certainly more than a memory exercise! The craving for sensation during these shut-in days and nights, together with the keen spirit of rivalry that grew up among the story tellers, often spurred them on to splendid mendacities." And the mystical wonders far to the southwest among the Rockies, of the strange cities and peoples, lakes and rivers yet unseen, these men narrated in fabulous tales, declaring, as a source of their information, that it had been told them by a captive from a strange Indian tribe or some foreign trader they had chanced to meet.

And thus were the men's appetites whetted, waiting only for the winter to break; believing themselves specially chosen to penetrate the vast unknown, for truly no person knew its contents. The old maps showed all the rivers, sighted by vessels off the Pacific coast, as running eastward many hundred miles to the mountains immediately west of where they now wintered. Two years later, 1825, when General Ashley fell upon the headwaters of the Weber river, he records in his journal that this day he

found a river running more directly to the Pacific than the Green river, and had he not promised to meet his men at the summer rendezvous on the Green he would have built a boat and descended to the Pacific. He knew nothing then of the Great Salt Lake, into which his little river emptied. So these men at Fort Henry, especially Smith and Fitzpatrick, waited anxiously.

At the first signs of spring, showing themselves along the sunny side of wind-swept hills and ridges, activities at the fort began. Jed Smith and Fitzpatrick, with twenty men and many pack animals, moving through the snow up the Big Horn, were the

first to face the returning sun. Ever they moved with their faces toward the Sweetwater and the pass of which the Crows had informed them. The canyons at the upper reaches of the Big Horn proved rough and extremely difficult. Then, too, the snow grew deeper, the feed less and the animals weaker. Following a council, Jed again volunteered to superintend the tedious job of dropping behind with six of the men and a group of the most jaded horses, working rather slowly towards the Sweetwater, and the much coveted white space, leading into the heart of the unknown, and then meeting Fitzpatrick after the animals could travel.

A GROTESQUE WORLD

As the foremost explorers moved onward, they soon found themselves in a "confusion of hills and cliffs of red sandstone, some peaked and angular, some round, some broken into crags and precipices, and piled up in fantastic masses but naked and sterile." (Irving in his *Captain Bonneville*). Emerging from this "grotesque world" and traveling as rapidly as possible through a broken sagebrush country where the banks of the creeks were often crusted white with alkaline deposits, they, like the "Mormon" pioneers, twenty-three years later, came at last, with animals starved and fagged, to a clear sparkling stream flowing eastward to the Platte. It was the Sweetwater.*

According to W. A. Ferris, the pure stream now before the trappers was originally known by its French name, "Eau Sucree, or sugar water," so named because a pack-mule, laden with sugar, had been lost in the river.

From the narrative we read: "Setting up the valley of the Sweetwater, we traveled all day over a natural road, no portion of which would have offered any serious obstacle to loaded

wagons. (This was the exact trail used by the Pioneers.) Sometimes the valley spread to the width of three or four miles, sometimes it narrowed to a few rods, but always the way was fairly easy; and the rise of the land toward the divide was scarcely perceptible, save that the air grew colder and the snow deeper as we proceeded. That night the air was like frosty steel and the stars like broken glass."

The great prairies of bison pastures, lying between the Missouri and the Rockies, stretched far off to the eastward; the trappers now were at the very threshold of the mighty mountain vastness. Neihardt in dramatic style puts it, "Breaking camp in the white of dawn, they pushed on again; and more and more as they went, their horses floundered in the crusted snow. The Sweetwater dwindled to a little creek, voiceless in the grip of winter that lingered there, and the noon was like a mid-winter noon. They toiled on over a high-rolling prairie, the ponies frost-muzzled and frosty-flanked, the men's beards whitened with their breath. By and by the Sweetwater had disappeared. For

*Referring to the hardships over these bad-lands met by the Pioneers, see the author's story, "Robbed by the Wolves," *Relief Society Magazine*, July, 1928.

sometime the band toiled on silently, save for the blowing of the horses and the crunching of the crusted snow. Then someone cried: 'Look! Look!'

"Long vista of a vast undulating plain had opened out ahead, and here and there in the distance lofty buttes (some flat-topped like islands deserted by the sea, some carved by the wind and rain into towers and domes) seemed staring around them at the immense scope and loneliness of the surrounding world. It was the promised land of the Siskadee Agi (Sagehen river), and already they were on the western slope of the divide. The

shout that arose from the band died without an echo in that vastness, and the sympathetic neighing of the horses was a feeble sound. Now as they floundered on they noted that the air grew somewhat warmer, despite the waning of the afternoon. Signs of noon-day melting began to appear. Shortly before sundown, they came upon a living spring, where they went into camp and spent a cheerless night, for there was no wood in the vicinity but the windswept spaces about the spring furnished some scant grazing for the horses, which was the matter of chief importance."

ON THE OREGON TRAIL

Little wonder the bosoms of Fitzpatrick, Provot, James Bridger and the rest of the party swelled with pride! "They had become the first white men of all the thousands upon thousands that should pass that way when the Oregon and California Trail should become like a great river of home-seeking humanity." (See *Splendid Wayfaring*, Neihardt, p. 145, and his notes.) Dr. Hurbert E. Bolton, recognized as one of America's foremost western history scholars, head of the history department of the University of California, quotes Neihardt, stating that Fitzpatrick, and not Provot or Jim Bridger, was the discoverer of South Pass.*

It was up the Sweetwater and toward this same divide and the snow-filled mountains, that the "Mormon" handcart companies, thirty-two years later were plodding, when their first calamities overtook them. For days a terrible Rocky Mountain blizzard roared through the country, covering the unsheltered men, women, and children with eighteen inches of snow, and, with the weather at zero, more than two hundred emigrants found

shallow graves in the snow, while scores of others with frozen limbs suffered untold agonies, and many an amputation of fingers, hands or feet became necessary.

Space will not allow a complete narration of Fitzpatrick's varied experiences on the "Siskadee Agi," or his unique system of securing exceptional catches of beaver; of the thieving red men and the white man's complete loss of horses; of fourteen trappers' attack on the Indians and the prize secured besides their own horses; we can only add, that, to a Westerner, it forms a gripping chapter of frontier life. (See *Splendid Wayfaring*, Neihardt.)

Jed's horses, after these many days of rest, were now packed and on the trail up the Sweetwater; soon a cloud of dust many miles ahead announced to the anxious trappers the approach of friends or foes, and in this case it proved a friend indeed. Fitzpatrick was returning across the divide with one of the most phenomenal catches of beaver ever recorded in the annals of the West. Being so early in the year, too, the furs were of the choicest sort, showing richer colors and finer

*In a book recently copyrighted by the California Historical Society, 1928, by James Clyman, American frontiersman, 1792-1881, it is claimed that Jedediah S. Smith, himself, led the explorers through South Pass, thereby becoming its discoverer and should have the credit.

textures than those caught later or during the fall round-up. As Smith rode among the pack animals, examining the pelts, he visioned stacks of "Greenbacks," for were they not half his? Surely "stocks had shot up!"

The next morning while breaking camp, Jed heading west and Fitzpatrick east, William L. Sublett with his large train of men and horses came into camp. One look at the furs, and Sublett was on his way toward the white gap in the distant mountains. Then followed a race into the new field of action, Smith being dispatched with Provot, Bridger and most of the men, while Fitzpatrick and five of his crew made "bull boats" on the Sweetwater, loaded their riches and were soon on their way across the wide prairie toward St. Louis. But as spring sunshine breaks quickly into "March weather," so it was here; for at the point where the Sweetwater descends swiftly into the Platte, the boats were upset, sending all the valuables, as well as the men, headlong into the turbulent stream. Fortune favored them, however, for the many rocks made possible the recovery of most of their wealth. Not knowing the current of the Platte nor being willing to take further chances of complete loss, the furs were dried and cached, and with several of his men Fitzpatrick pushed off in a boat, and, about two weeks later, landed at St. Louis. These trappers became "the first white men to navigate the Platte from its headwaters on the Continental Divide."

When Fitzpatrick with General William Ashley and twenty-five men and fifty head of horses returned in the fall and winter of 1824-25, the very first train of supplies went westward over what became the famed "Oregon Trail." For a good part of the way, it was over this same route, twenty-three years later, that President Young led his first band of scouts, in the spring of 1847.

By forced marches, Jed and his men

with their fresh animals had little difficulty in reaching the Green river several days ahead of Sublett, having Provot and Bridger as guides, the richest fields were well under supervision when the later group arrived, moving farther down to a less fruitful territory. Hardly a year had elapsed since Jed lay wounded and helpless on the headwaters of the Powder; then fate and death with open jaws yawned to receive him; now health and prosperity stacked to the bulging brim were his, yet with all his successes, the Holy Bible was still his choicest companion!

With the coming of hot weather, bringing the mother beaver and her little ones, the trapping season came to a close. Each group of men cached his pack of furs and other "non-essentials" and waited for the "rendezvous," at which time the trappers and traders from far and wide gathered at the "Wilderness Market," each on guard against the cunning of his competitors in driving bargains in pelts, trapping outfits and food supplies. Two years later the rendezvous was switched to northern Utah. Here the caches were made in a wonderful feed-ground on the Bear river, now known as "Cache Valley."

A "cache" is made in the following manner: A dry place in the heart of a thicket is chosen and a pit about six feet in diameter is sunk to about eight feet in depth, then a drift to one side is made and a chamber formed large enough to accommodate all the "impedimenta" of the party. Many armfuls of sticks and dry grass line the compartment, and, after the cache is deposited, more limbs and grass fill up the opening; the hole is then filled and the sod replaced, any soil left over is carefully carried away, making detection almost impossible. Having thus, for the time being, disposed of their "impedimenta," the trappers, in small groups, trailed into distant valleys on exploring excursions. It

was thus that the trails of the Great Basin were opened and the roadways found for the oncoming pioneer. From

these "trail-breakers" the East learned of the West, and came seeking its richness.

CIVILIZATION'S DEBT TO THE FUR TRADERS

Of this Rocky Mountain Fur Company, Chittenden concludes: "The cause of geographical knowledge owes a great deal to this company. The whole country around the source of the Platte, Green river, Yellowstone, and Snake rivers and in the region around Great Salt Lake was opened up by them. These adventurers gave names to the Sweetwater river, Independence Rock, Jackson Hole, and the tributaries of the Green river and Great Salt Lake. They discovered the lake and also South Pass. They were the first to descend Green river by boat, and likewise the first, after Colter, to enter the Yellowstone wonderland. They were the first to travel from Great Salt Lake southwesterly to Southern California, the first to cross the Sierras and deserts of Utah and Nevada between California and the Great Salt Lake, and the first, as far as it is known, to travel by land up the Pacific coast from San Francisco to the Columbia. They were indefatigable explorers and considering the fact that most of them made no records of what they did, the impress which they have made upon the geography of the West is surprisingly great."

With his furs securely hidden, and knowing that Fitzpatrick could not return for a full year, Smith with six chosen companions set out northward on an exploring and trapping trip of a year's duration, traveling, all told, over fifteen hundred miles. He followed down the Portneuf to the Snake, passed the present site of Pocatello, thence northward to the Salmon river, a branch of the Columbia, and finally turned back at the Flat Head Lake, within two-days' journey of Canada, but at that time there was no Canadian line as far west as the Rockies, it being established twenty-one years later.

Jed moved southward over a new field, cutting east of Boise and west of American Falls, crossed the Snake and followed up Raft river and over the mountains to Promontory on the northwest corner of the Great Salt Lake. Thinking he had struck an arm of the Pacific Ocean, he turned eastward, crossed Bear river in the neighborhood of Garland, thence east to "Cache Valley," where he met his old friend Sublett, and together with their packs of furs reached Green river rendezvous in time to welcome Fitzpatrick and the noted frontiersman, General William Ashley, who the fall before had induced Provot to run for Governor of Missouri but he had been defeated. (Bridger and Provot had both seen Great Salt Lake a few months ahead of Smith.)

It might be stated here also that in 1831, six years after the rendezvous of 1825, that Joseph Smith established the Colesville branch at Independence, Missouri, and that he with the leading brethren of the Church dedicated the Land of Zion, as well as a place for the "Temple and New Jerusalem." At that time, Jedediah S. Smith with his two brothers spent the winter of 1830-31 at Independence, and as Parley P. Pratt, Oliver Cowdery and other missionaries were at this western village during this same winter, it's more than probable that they discussed religion and frontier life together. We shall discuss these matters, however, in our next article. It is rather fitting that these unique correlations be considered, for Brigham Young was soon to be on Smith's overland trail to the mountains.

To the appointed rendezvous on the Green river in 1825, more than two hundred "wild men of the wilderness" swarmed. Even a large group

of the Hudson Bay deserters, British trappers from the Columbia river, having been invited by Jed while on his trip northward, came trying their luck at barter with the "Yankees," in place of selling at Fort Vancouver, near the present site of Portland, Oregon. Jed owed his life and fortune three years later to this British fort spoken of in our next story.

Beckwourth informs us: "Many of the trappers brought along their squaws and half-breed Indian children, altogether making quite a little town." It is not known whether the twenty-year-old "Jim Bridger" had an Indian girl then or not, but twenty years later when the pioneers passed Fort Bridger, it is stated that he had married at least three women from the "dusky tribes" and had a number of children.

The "lively frontier market" opened. Individually or in groups, all parties endeavored to make valuable bargains, vigorously striving to lay in a year's stock of flour, sugar, coffee, tobacco, blankets and ammunition, and, at least, a few "rich days of whisky, which seemed a necessary article for that region." With the opening of the "little brown jug," the days of jubilee began, but terminated dully and gloomily when the flow of "fire water" ceased.

Among these frontiersmen were trappers who had not tasted coffee, sugar, liquor, and, in extreme cases,

flour or bread for months, subsisting entirely upon the game of the wild country which they explored; and now the luxuries were purchased at enormous prices, especially during the days of drinking, when men paid dearly for their needs. Beckwourth says, "Many a trapper not only swallowed in a day of ease what he had earned in a year of constant danger and hardship, but when the rendezvous broke up found himself indebted to his employer for the next year's outfit. Story telling, gambling, drinking, feasting, horse-racing, wrestling, boxing (often of the gorilla style) and target shooting were the order of the day, all of which were indulged in with a heartiness that would astonish more civilized societies," and during brawls at the gambling tents more than one man was put to sleep "with his boots on" and found an unmarked grave on the hillside. This sort of thing, however, existed only among the "free trappers" of the baser type, "who prided themselves on their hardihood and courage; even on their recklessness and profligacy, each claiming to own the best horses; to have had the wildest of adventures; to have had the most narrow escapes; to have killed the most bears and Indians; to be the greatest favorite with the Indian belles; the greatest consumer of alcohol, and to have the most money to spend," and with his hand on his pistol, stood ready to defend his argument with disputers.

EXEMPLARY CHARACTERS AMONG FRONTIERSMEN

General Ashley, Smith, Fitzpatrick, Bridger, Sublett, Jackson, and many others of the better type of trappers, lodged by themselves; and while the common group gambled, they spent quiet evenings conjointly or severally, laying future plans, writing in their journals, or reading some book brought across the plains. At these times, Jed never failed to find rest and encouragement from his Bible. He

was held by the men to be the "best educated frontiersman among them." Besides his notes and journals, the Bible was his only book. We are informed he favored the New Testament, reading often from James, "Submit yourself therefore to God. Resist the Devil and he will flee from you. Cleanse your hands, ye sinners, and purify your hearts. Is any among

you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing Psalms."

Smith has often been pictured preaching to the Indians, and he, like the first missionaries, Marcus Whitman and his companion, H. H. Spaulding, who came with their wives ten years later (1836), being the first white women to trail through South Pass, never neglected an opportunity to read the Bible to his companions or the Redmen with whom he so often camped. That someone aroused a splendid curiosity among the Indians for the Bible is certain, for on March 1, 1833 (three years after the Church was organized) the *Christian Advocate of America* told of a visit to St. Louis of four Nez Perce Indians who had come from west of the Rocky Mountains in search of the white man's book from heaven. They claimed that the white men who had penetrated their country had declared

their religious ceremonies were wrong and had said that the white men away toward the rising sun had a book which would tell them the proper way.

"The tribe was so exercised by these descriptions that a council was called and four chiefs selected to go to St. Louis and procure this book." Two of the councilmen took sick in the city of the white men and died, the other two being terribly disappointed with what they saw and heard, returned sorrowfully back to their tribesmen. It was from the result of this visit that Whitman and Spaulding were sent as missionaries to the Columbia river. Jed was, however, the very first person to carry the Bible to the Rocky Mountains; in fact, he was the man who carried it through the South Pass, following its discovery by Fitzpatrick in 1824.

A FORTUNE IN FURS

At the close of the rendezvous of 1825, it was decided among the leaders, that General Ashley and Smith should make the long trip back to the States with their tremendous packs of furs, worth, as some authors have claimed, a fortune of \$200,000. With all this wealth loaded on pack animals the caravan headed for South Pass. That it was a risky undertaking, all admitted, but what else could be done? Upon reaching the Sweetwater, the little company of men decided on the safer route, via Big Horn, Yellowstone, and the Missouri. Although it was twice as far around, it seemed the surest, and possibly the quickest way home. That the northern route was not without its dangers, we shall soon learn.

On the Big Horn, immediately west from Jed's "grizzly bear camp," Ashley's trappers got their first battle. A fierce band of Blackfeet, full brothers to the cruel Chippewa, Cheyenne, and Arapaho tribes, were just return-

ing toward the Big Horn, having been in a deadly encounter with the Crows, and seeing the white trappers in the distance stealthily trailed them for several days, waiting for an opportunity for plunder. At last becoming impatient at the white man's persistent vigilance, they suddenly burst like a thunder cloud upon the outer guard. "They made their appearance at the break of day, yelling in the most hideous manner," writes Ashley, "and using every means in their power to alarm our horses, which they so effectually did that the horses, although closely hobbled, broke by the guards and ran off. A part of the Indians being mounted, they succeeded in getting all the horses but two." Then the warriors, decked in paint and feathers, made a determined rush upon the trappers, determined to capture the fur packs; but so firmly entrenched were the men, and so deadly their aim, that the "yelling wolves" broke from their shelter, fleeing swift-

ly down the trail, following the stolen horses.

Under cover of night, the fearless Jed, moccasin-footed, and silent as death slipped out into the mountain vastness. By daybreak, Henry's men were awakened near the spot Smith had believed them to be from reports he had received while on the Sweetwater. By dusk that night, Jed, with plenty of horses and men, rode into camp. Two days later, seeing no signs of further trouble, Ashley and his group moved forward, hoping in a few days to reach a favorable location where bull boats could be made and the men and furs transferred to the swift current of the river. During the two days following the first encounter, writes Beckwourth, another attack was made. This time the trappers fired into the darkness where figures were seen lurking. Two Indians were killed and the others retreated. "One of them," says the journalist, "wore a fine pair of buckskin leggings, which I took from him and put on myself." Then with his sharp knife he secured the scalp, tying the long black hair into his rawhide girdle.

A week later, we are told, a whole band of Indians came swooping down upon the little company, Beckwourth writes: "The alarm was given, and, on looking out, we saw an immense body of them, well mounted, charging directly down upon our camp. Every man seized his rifle, prepared for the living tornado. The general gave orders for no man to fire until he did. By this time the Indians were within half pistol shot. Greenwood (one of our party) pronounced them Crows and called out several times not to shoot. We, however, kept our eye upon our general; he pulled the trigger, but happily his gun missed fire, and our camp was immediately filled with their warriors. Most fortunate it was for us that the general's gun missed fire, for they numbered more than a thousand, and not a man

of us would have escaped to see the Yellowstone.

"Greenwood, who knew the Crows, acted as our interpreter between our general and the Indian chief, whose name was Absaroka Betetsa, Sparrow-Hawk Chief. After numerous inquiries about our success in hunting, the chief asked where we were from.

" 'Green river,' was the reply.

" 'You kill two Blackfeet?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Where are their scalps? My people want to dance.' (A thing gleefully indulged in when an enemy has fallen.)

" 'Don't show them!' cried Greenwood to us.

"Turning to the Indians, 'We didn't take their scalps.'

" 'Ugh! That's strange.'

"During this colloquy, I had buried my scalp in the sand and concealed my leggings, knowing now that they had belonged to a Crow. The chief gave orders for his warriors to move on, and many of them kept with us on our road to their camp, which was but a short distance off. Soon after reaching there, an Indian woman issued from a lodge and approached the chief. She was covered with blood and crying. In the most piteous tones, she addressed the chief: 'These are the men that killed my son, and will you not avenge his death?' She was almost naked, and, according to their custom when a near relative is slain, had inflicted wounds all over her body in token of her deep mourning. The chief turned to the general: 'The two men who were killed in your camp were not Blackfeet, but my own warriors; they were good horse thieves and brave men. One of them was a son of this woman, and she is crying for his loss. Give her something,' he demanded, 'to make her cease her cries, for it angers me to see her grief.'

"The general cheerfully made her a present of what things he had at hand, to the value of about \$50. 'Now,'

said the chief to the woman, 'go to your lodge and cease your crying.' She went away, seemingly satisfied.

"Happening to look among their numerous horses, we recognized some that had been stolen from us the fall before. The general said to the chief: 'I believe I see some of my horses among yours.'

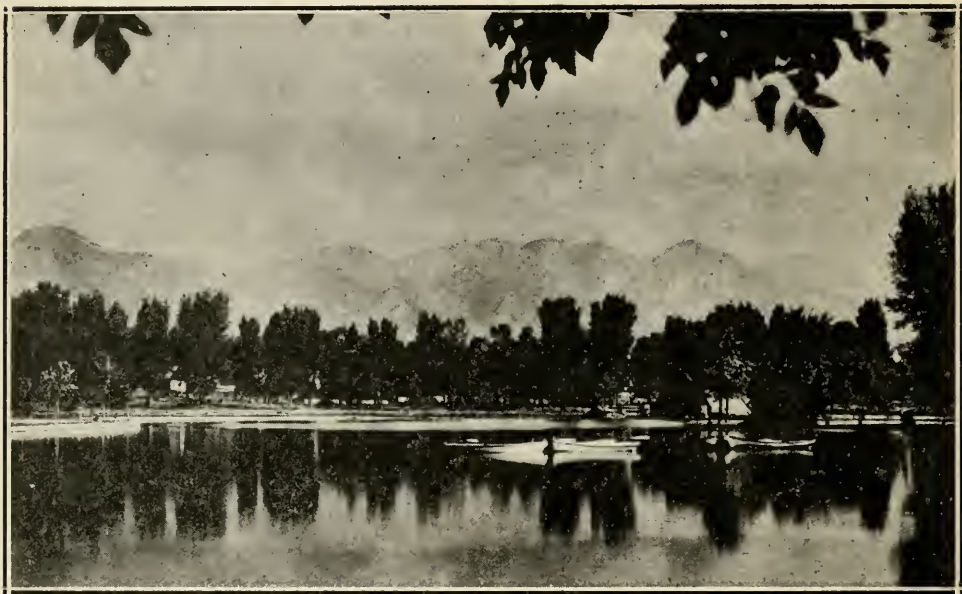
" 'Yes, we stole them from you.'

" 'What did you steal my horses for?'

" 'I was tired with walking. I had been to fight the Blackfeet, and, com-

ing back, would have called at your camp. You would have given me tobacco, but that would not carry me. When we stole them they were very poor; now they are fat. We have plenty of horses. You can take all that belongs to you.' The chief then gave orders for them to deliver up all the horses taken from our camp, which was promptly complied with."

In the next article we shall carry Jed "to the end of the trail," meeting death at the hands of the Comanches.



THE WASATCH RANGE AS VIEWED FROM THE LAKE AT LIBERTY PARK

LIBERTY PARK ON A SUMMER'S DAY

Leave, for a day, the burning city street
And come, with me, unto a cool retreat—
Where verdant lawns and shadowed spaces lure,
And bright-faced flowers, whispering zephyrs, stir.

Remember, once again, when fancy smiled,
Watch happy children play—and be a child;
Or lay outstretched upon the velvet grass,
And scan the sky where snowy cloud drifts pass.

For here is gathered all that pleasure seeks,
The lake, the trees, the towering mountain peaks;
The quaint menagerie of birds and beast,
A thousand wonders upon which to feast.

Framed as a picture that no art could paint,
Across the mirrored waters, bold yet faint,
The snow-clad Wasatch looms, as though to keep,
Like some good shepherd, watch upon his sheep.

The shaded avenues of stately pines,
Where often lovers wander, idly winds
To cozy nooks, where fountains softly play
And robin red-breast sings his evening lay.

The band, at times, gives forth a pleasing sound,
And yet again where prancing steeds go round,
And I have known some moments of delight,
With simple toys that fascinate the sight.

To feed the ducks, to watch the monkeys swing,
To glide upon the lake, to laugh and sing—
In truth here is a fund of rarest joy
For all who care to be once more, a boy.

So come with me and leave dull care behind,
Renew the spirit and enrich the mind;
Within the arms of nature rest or play,
And be at peace—this glorious summer's day!

Salt Lake City, Utah

HENRY F. KIRKHAM

AN HOUR OF MY OWN

It is late—I'm alone in my bed-room tonight,
All is still, not a sound stirs the air,
Save the chirp of a bat as he whirls in his flight,
Or a cricket's lone song on the stair.

Now's the time for reflection, an hour of thought,
For the cares of the day are now fled;
'Tis a time when the mind without worry is fraught;
'Tis a time at which prayers may be said.

'Tis a time to repent of the sins of the day,
And thank God for the soul he has blessed;
'Tis a time to be humble, to earnestly pray
E'er you tuck yourself snugly to rest.

Provo, Utah

CLARENCE EVAN CHRISTENSEN

A Lack of Something

BY HAROLD THORPE

Marion Wellington was whiling away the morning hours of a bright November Saturday after the manner of attractive young school teachers who are very popular socially. Rising leisurely at nine, she had breakfasted at nine-thirty and then retired to a comfortable sofa in front of the blazing hearth in the parlor.

The daughter of a prosperous merchant, she had enjoyed all the privileges of high school and college education without any thought of money. She had always been extremely popular because of her beauty and charming personality. Now, twenty-three years of age and a high school teacher, she was still as popular as ever.

On this bright November morning she was relating to Mrs. Anderson, the good-natured Danish lady with whom she boarded, all the colorful little episodes which had thrilled her in the high school football dance of the night before.

Only one incident of the dance had she refrained from pouring into Mrs. Anderson's willing ears, a little affair too unimportant to deserve a second thought had it concerned anyone but John Westland. But he was the one young man different, in her mind, from any other she had ever known.

He alone had been able to keep her tender heart in a flutter of uncertainty. For over two months, ever since she had first met him, he had carefully refrained from showing her those little attentions so dear to feminine hearts. His indifference had begun the first time they had seen each other. It had happened in Sunday School the first Sunday she had been in the town. With Mrs. Anderson she had come in late, and he was sitting on the stand, first assistant in the superin-

tendency, taking charge of the Sunday School that day.

She had looked up at him. At the same instant he had looked down at her. His handsome face had caused her to flush with surprised emotion. He, too, had started visibly at her momentary gaze. Then rising suddenly, he had disappeared quickly down a back stairway leading from the stand into the basement of the chapel. It seemed a deliberate effort to avoid looking at her, or even to be seen by her, and the color rushed to her face in an angry flood.

"A booby with big feet and a square jaw," she had thought resentfully. "I'll bet he is married anyway, so I don't care one single thing about him." Yet, no sooner had he disappeared than she whispered eagerly to Mrs. Anderson and asked if he was married.

"No," was the whispered reply. "There's a good chance for you. He's an abstractor in lawyer Cheeves' office, a wonderful young man. Makes a hundred fifty a month." And immediately Marion had experienced the most profound relief of her whole life.

When John had returned a moment later, carrying some record books, a genial look overspread his face, and her wrath melted away completely.

How hard she had tried during the ensuing two months to become better acquainted with him—to become friendly with him! And how deliberately he had avoided her! But why? Marion never knew. At times she really thought she hated him—hated him for his utter unconcern about her—hated him because he kept her guessing all the time—hated him because he had thrown her self-satisfied mind into complete confusion

about such things as love and marriage.

For two or three years before she came to board with Mrs. Anderson, she had been fully convinced that there was no such thing as real love; there was only puppy love, which flames and flares and flickers and dies in one wild delirium during impetuous and passionate youth. After puppy love, according to her point of view, there would eventually come the agreeable and sensible mating of agreeable and sensible people who seem to see in each other those desirable qualities which make for happy marriages. But there wasn't any such thing as real love, of the deep, devoted, or undying kind. That was only a beautiful tradition, an enchanting myth.

Frequently she had argued the matter with those of her friends who didn't agree with her. "It's just common sense," she would declare positively, "if you want to be happily married, choose a husband who won't be scratching a poor man's bald spot all his life; one with a good income, and enough brains to keep earning one. When I marry, I want a modern bungalow, well furnished, right from the start. And a car, and a piano, and plenty of clothes. The man who can't provide these things for me—well, I'll enjoy his pleadings, laugh at him, and forget him." None of her friends had ever been able to change her mind in the matter.

But John Westland had changed her mind completely, had upset her calculations so thoroughly that she had never been sure of anything relating to love or matrimony since she had met him. Part of the time she felt about half sure of two things: first, that John Westland was the most alluring, and the most interesting, and the most maddening, and the most contrary and unmanageable masculine experience she had ever had, (or tried to have and failed); second, she would gladly have exchanged her equity, in half a dozen "sheiks" for

the privilege of going to just one theatre or dance with John Westland.

But John, the big, the handsome, the attractive and refined gentleman with the waving black hair and pleasing baritone voice, was the most elusive person she had ever met. As far back as she could remember, he was the only young man she had failed to captivate at first sight.

Of course she had met John—had danced with him—had even conversed with him during the few thrilling moments she had glided around the dance floor in his arms. Never once had he suggested that a closer friendship should develop between them.

How she had hoped and schemed for just one sign from him that he was aware of her existence on earth—that he appreciated and approved her trim figure and dreamy brown eyes! But for over two months, ever since her first ecstatic view of him—she had hoped in vain. Never an encouraging sign or word from him—not until last night in the football dance, when to her exquisite joy, his frigidity seemed to have begun to thaw out. As a delightful day in spring, which comes unexpectedly after weeks of chill winds and dreary fog and mud and drizzle, the change had come over him. Without any warning he had apparently awakened to a sudden realization of her exquisite beauty.

She had been standing alone near an open window, enjoying a moment of relaxation and fresh air between dances. Suddenly, without knowing why, she had turned her head sharply to the left and discovered John Westland, gazing wistfully at her.

For one brief moment they had looked intently into each other's eyes. What a soul-satisfying picture of an ideal lover and future husband he had seemed then! And what a friendly handsome face he really did have, now that he chose to show an awakening interest in her! The very ecstasy of the moment had brought the color to her cheeks, enhancing the loveliness of

her charms. She had been the first to turn away. He had already danced with her, but did not approach her during the rest of the evening. Rather, it seemed, he avoided her completely, and his aloofness upset her again. Was he in love with her? Wasn't he? How exasperating to have an ideal young man in love with you without being able to understand him at all!

As Marion lounged on Mrs. Anderson's sofa, on this bright Saturday morning, she kept telling herself that she really hated him now for causing her such a sleepless night. At times the horrifying fear that he might marry some other girl before she knew about it nearly drove her frantic.

On the other hand, what a triumph it would be to have him competing with half a dozen others for the privilege of taking her to dances and parties and buying her chocolates! Marion never lacked "beaus." If a really attractive and desirable young man wasn't pressing her for an engagement, there was always a convenient second-hand beau waiting around to take her to a dance or a theater. Every time a hopeful young gallant walked by her side or sat with her in a car, she secretly wished him off the earth, or out of town, or in the bottom of the ocean, anywhere but with her, and that John Westland was there instead, entertaining her with that pleasing voice.

"How could I manage him?" Marion kept asking herself, as she looked dreamily into the fire. She became so absorbed in John Westland that she didn't notice Mrs. Anderson's return.

"You're in love!" cried the latter triumphantly, when Marion did not look up at her approach. "Who is it now, young Harris, or Dave Moorehouse. They're both rich, and you've always said money was a necessity to a happy marriage. It's Dave Moorehouse!" she continued.

"Dave Moorehouse! in a new necktie!" cried Marion, irritated at the sud-

den breakup of a most satisfying reverie.

"Think of his money!"

Marion sat bolt upright. "Money!" she exclaimed contemptuously, "Marry David Moorehouse for his money? All he does is brag about the dough he will inherit from his two spinster aunts when they die. I'll bet he prays every night for them to pass away. He paraded around last night as if it were more important that everyone see him in a new necktie than that our boys had won the splendid football victory. The great big gawk!"

"But he's rich!"

"Do money and new breeches make a man?" retorted Marion. "If it weren't for new breeches, half the young men in this town wouldn't know what they're living for."

"What about young Harris? He's rich too."

"He's too short. Who would want to marry a stumpy little molehill like him?"

"You'll be falling in love with John Westland—"

"How do you know? I've never even mentioned his name—that way."

"Why are you always so curious about him? You've asked me something about him every day you've been here. Poor fellow, I'd hate to be his wife. But he is a wonderful man, and will make a good husband for some girl. But he surely is handicapped for money now."

"On account of having to take care of his two sisters?" Marion asked.

"Yes."

"How long will it take him to pay off that fool mortgage his father left on their new home when he and Mrs. Westland were killed in an auto accident last spring?"

"It isn't so much," said Mrs. Anderson, settling down on the sofa beside her, preparatory to telling the story over again for the thirty-ninth time. "You see John only makes one hundred fifty a month. After he pays Mrs. Wade thirty dollars for keeping

house, and that much more on the mortgage, and takes care of groceries and fuel and clothes for himself and Nellie and Gwen, he hasn't much left at the end of the month. Of course he'll get that lovely new bungalow by paying off the mortgage and taking care of his sisters."

"It must be hard to be pressed for money like that," said Marion, thoughtfully.

"Why don't you marry some rich young fellow and be done with it?" returned Mrs. Anderson.

"Doesn't John walk down in the fields every Saturday afternoon—to see their farm?" asked Marion, ignoring the other's suggestion.

"Yes. He works till twelve noon on Saturdays, and then walks through the fields about two o'clock. You had better go out this afternoon and take a few pictures. Maybe you'll meet him. Every girl in this town respects him, no one knows what he thinks about any of them. Maybe he's in love with you. You can't tell. He keeps his love affairs—if he ever has any—to himself."

"Perhaps I will go out a little while and take a few pictures," said Marion.

Mrs. Anderson laughed. "I'll bet you're in love with him. Now, aren't you?" But Marion only turned and curled up on the sofa again and looked dreamily into the fire. Her landlady, accustomed to these sudden Saturday morning silences, went bustling away to her duties.

That afternoon, half a mile west of town, Marion was preparing to take some kodak pictures when John approached.

"Good afternoon, Miss Wellington," he said pleasantly. Apparently taken by surprise, she turned quickly, the color rushing to her cheeks. How that musical voice thrilled her!

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Westland," she replied graciously. "I was just trying to take a few snapshots. I should like one of the tall cottonwood by that picturesque old shed over

there, only I don't know how to get over to it."

"I'll help you, if I may," he volunteered.

"Thank you ever so much—if you can spare the time." Neither spoke during the hike across the stubble field and over the ditches.

"You never said a word during all that walk," she flashed at him, as they reached the tree.

"Neither did you," he replied, and both laughed. But she seemed to have forgotten all about the kodak pictures, and seated herself on a log. "Surely he will notice me now," thought she, "I've put on the most becoming clothes I had for the occasion, and I couldn't possibly look more attractive." He looked down at her as she settled herself.

"Mr. Westland," she began suddenly, "I am greatly interested in studying people's characters. You see, I dabble in story writing in odd moments. I like to have people tell me of their whims and their moods, their likes and dislikes, and, well, their plans for a successful life. I have learned a great deal about human nature through people telling me such things. And sometimes I discover a clever plot in someone's unusual experience. Would you mind telling me a little about yourself—your moods—"

"Just what do you wish to know about me?" he asked, as she hesitated.

"Well," she reddening in some embarrassment, "you're so profound a mystery that you ought to furnish excellent material for a story. All the young girls I know are puzzled about you. You never take anyone anywhere."

"A mystery easily explained," he smiled at her. "I haven't enough cash properly to entertain a modern lady, and no cash—no sweetheart."

"But they all say you never seem interested in anyone."

"I'm thankful if I seem so. It would only add to the misery and the

sting of it all if they—if she—well, if anyone knew," he finished awkwardly.

"Knew what?" she asked eagerly.

"Now just what was it you wished to know?" he countered.

"Well, aren't you even human? Don't you care for any girls? Are you a woman hater? Everyone says you must be. Of course," she added hastily, "I'm thinking all this only so I can write a capital short story."

"Of course you are," he laughed, and she colored guiltily. For a moment he said nothing, but stood gazing down intently into her upturned brown eyes, as if he would read some precious secret hidden there. Slowly, almost unconsciously, that wistful yearning look came into his face that had thrilled her the night before in the dance. In a moment she was trembling with excitement.

"Please, John, tell me."

"Is your word good?" he asked, "and will you keep my secret if I tell you my romance, or half romance, whatever it is?"

Marion readily agreed.

"In the first place," he began, and the wistfulness in his voice made her heart beat faster. "I am quite human—just human enough to have fallen in love with the most wonderful girl in the whole world."

"And—and you're engaged to her?"

"No—she doesn't even know it yet. It's this way," he continued, "right now I have scarcely the right to think of love. It will take me a year to pay off the mortgage on the home, and that, with our living expenses, keeps me pretty close run financially. I'm willing to go without things myself rather than see little Gwen or Nellie suffer, but I couldn't ask a girl to make such sacrifices."

"Doesn't she understand—anything about it—at all?"

"I hope not. My distress over the affair will be less if she knows nothing of it. Only one who has been in my circumstances knows how hard it is

for me at times. To love a beautiful young lady, your very ideal of all that is lovable in a woman, and yet never be able to do more than worship her from afar, in silence and without her knowledge—that is bitter. The whole affair hurts deeper than anyone knows. The haunting fear that she may suddenly become the bride of another, almost maddens me at times."

"Why don't you tell her? She would understand, and if she loved you—it might save both of you from unhappy marriages with someone else." In her eagerness Marion half rose—almost reached out her hands to him.

"I've been tempted to several times, for the sake of my two little orphan sisters. They miss a mother's love so much, and they miss it every day. There is no substitute for love. There is something lacking in their lives as well as in mine. It is the friendship, the companionship and the love and sympathetic counsel of a good woman. I've tried to be a mother to Nellie and Gwen, but I can't. I need someone now to help me with those two motherless girls."

"You should tell her—by all means!"

"I am afraid to, while my finances are so low. She has never known the necessity of economizing. Her parents are wealthy, and she is accustomed to having everything she wants. She might resent the idea all together."

"If she loves you, she will be willing to help," insisted Marion eagerly.

"You are sure I'd be doing the right thing if I should tell her?"

"I'm sure you would."

He took one ecstatic step toward her. "It's you I'm in love with, Marion. I've loved you since that morning I first saw you in Sunday School. Hardly an hour passes that I do not think of you. Can you—do you love me, Marion?"

She had risen while he was speaking, surprise and joy on her face. The whole world had changed completely

for Marion while John had been declaring his love for her. For a moment she was too excited to say anything, but stood looking into questioning eyes that gazed into hers. Then for one unfortunate second the coquette in her took control.

"Now that I am sure of him, shall I rush into his arms, or keep him in suspense a few weeks?" she thought, the color deepening on her cheeks. "I hardly know what to tell you, Mr. Westland," she said slowly, after a moment.

"Why not?" he asked quickly, and with unusual firmness.

"Can't you give me a few days to think it over?"

"If you must have a few days to decide, then you are not in love with me at all," he said unreasonably. "Love is not a thing we become conscious of through debate or pondering. When we are in love, we are more aware of it than of anything else in life. I love you with such tremendous power, Marion, it has been the grandest experience I've ever known—an experience that has come to me only once this way. But if you don't love me—that must end the whole affair, for me. I should be afraid to marry anyone who was in doubt—there would always be such a lack of something in my married life."

"Afraid of marrying me?" she asked, quivering with emotion, while a tear glistened in each luminous brown eye.

"Unless our love for each other was on the same high plane—"

"Can't you give me a few days—"

His own feelings were so clear and positive that he failed to understand hers.

"You don't love me," he interrupted firmly. "If you did, Marion, you wouldn't have to study the matter at all. Love is the supreme experience in life—and when it comes to us—pure—exalted and ennobling, it enshrines the image of our beloved in our hearts more strongly than any

other thing. If you must ponder the matter, Marion, then you don't love me, and only love will ever satisfy me. Don't you think we had better take some pictures?"

But Marion was on the verge of tears. She wanted to avoid a scene at any cost, well knowing from past experiences that if she gave way to tears she would tell him everything. She was piqued and hurt and wanted time to plan her campaign all over again.

"I think I'll go home, if you'll help me to the road," she said tremulously. "Certainly."

They made their way through ditches and fences and across the fields together. "Goodbye, and thank you," she said more composedly when they reached the road.

"Goodbye, Miss Wellington." Each one hoped the other would say something to prolong the conversation on the subject nearest both their hearts. But neither did so.

If John Westland had held himself aloof from Marion during the first two or three months of their acquaintance, he was more than aloof following his declaration of love by the cottonwood tree. He avoided her so deliberately that she soon became confused whenever they did meet.

She favored the rich and lanky Dave Moorehouse above all her other suitors. He noticed it. Everyone noticed it. Soon he was chuckling audibly to himself all day and slapping all his friends on the back whenever he met them. He kissed his mother and sisters every time he passed them.

One early morning Dave kissed his father, who was shaving, such a resounding smack on a shaved cheek that that worthy and sentimental sire hastened to the bank and arranged to take care of another wedding.

The climax came three weeks after the incident at the cottonwood tree. Dave had brought her home from the dance, and sat triumphantly by her in the parlor.

"Well," he began confidently, "you said you would give me your answer tonight. Will you marry me?"

She did not reply, but trembled like a leaf, and then burst into tears. His arms closed around her, and he drew her forcibly to him, crushing her head against his cheek. "You'll marry me, won't you?" he whispered.

"No," she sobbed, trying helplessly to draw away from him.

"What are you crying for?" he demanded in surprise.

"Because I'm in love with someone else." When Marion was calm and self-possessed, she could manage any man living but John Westland; when she was weeping and upset, she could only cry and confess the truth. And she was completely out of control now. Without another word, Dave seized his hat and bolted out of the house, slamming the door behind him.

Marion sank back on the sofa a trembling heap of hysterical young womanhood. Mrs. Anderson must have been snoring with one ear open, for she leaped out of bed and into her slippers and bathrobe in one bound, rushed to the sofa and clasped Marion in her arms.

"What's the matter, darling?"

"I can't marry Dave—I'd never be satisfied with him, with all his money," sobbed Marion. "There would always be such a lack of something in my married life—"

"You love John?" interrupted the other.

"Please—don't—don't—"

"I understand, my dear girl," said Mrs. Anderson, soothingly. With the help of her devoted landlady, Marion was soon tucked safely in her own bed, and Mrs. Anderson returned to her apartment. Before dropping off to slumber again, however, that worthy matron built a few air castles of her own, in which she hoped John and Marion would live happily ever after.

The very next afternoon Mrs. Anderson called at Lawyer Cheeves' office

and asked John to come to her home that evening and look over some deeds she wished to have examined. When John called, he was greatly surprised to find only Marion there, and still more surprised to learn that Mrs. Anderson had gone out for the evening and left her boarder home alone to bake some bread. Marion was equally surprised. She wouldn't have minded the unexpected visit at all if she had but known about it beforehand so she could have dressed for the occasion. John seemed in no hurry to depart, and for some moments he entertained her with the latest humorous stories. How Marion enjoyed that captivating laugh of his!

Suddenly his face sobered, and that yearning, wistful look crept into his eyes again.

"We had such an odd experience at the cottonwood tree, didn't we?" he asked.

"I think you were most unfair, too," she replied, quietly.

"No," he said, rising abruptly, "I want love, pure, deep and devoted, when I marry—"

"How do you know I couldn't love you? You've never taken me out. Never once have you asked me to go to a dance or a theatre with you. I think you are the most unreasonable young man I've ever met. You expect everything at the outset—and—and—offer nothing—"

"Well—you see—" he interrupted in confused embarrassment, "I—I—know. I've been too presumptuous—but I really didn't mean to be. Loving you has been such a wonderful experience to me, and you'll never know how I've longed to take you out to theatres and dances and things, but I felt I couldn't afford even to think of love. But when the chance came—so unexpectedly—to tell you how I felt, I just couldn't resist. Of course it was stupid and selfish of me to expect so much—but I have loved you so tremendously, Marion, and I'd give the world if I were able to—to woo as

I should like. But I can't. I just haven't the money."

"Couldn't you let your tithing go—or something?"

"No," he said firmly, yet kindly, "I need the blessings of the Lord now, if I ever did. And I'll make far more headway if I pay my tithes than if I don't. I've proved the Lord too many times not to know. If there must be a lack of something in my life, I don't ever want it to be a lack of that peace of mind which comes to us through living in tune with the good spirit which a Divine Providence sends us to help plan our lives along lines of peace and order. Love is the grandest thing in the world, Marion, and when we live according to the Gospel plan, the Lord fills our hearts, our very souls, with that divine love, that peace that passeth all understanding. If you understood me, you would never ask me not to pay my tithes. My greatest desire is that the spirit of peace may always be with me in my married life, and that can never be unless we love each other equally, and both live as the Almighty would have us do. But I mustn't be narrow or exacting any more, and mustn't woo while I am too poor to do what is expected of a suitor. Please forgive me, Marion—and good-bye." Before she realized fully what had happened, he was gone, the same elusive, independent John Westland that he had always been. Gone again.

For hours that night Marion planned and planned what she might do. But how?

During the next three months they saw little of each other. But Marion

was doing things she had never done before. She attended to every Church duty faithfully. She limited her expenditures to what she might have had to spend on herself had she been John's wife. Of course she saved money, another thing she had never done before in her whole life.

She was sitting alone on the sofa one bright sunny afternoon in early spring, checking up her savings deposit dates when there came a loud ringing of the door-bell and she admitted John.

"I've got it, Marion," he cried eagerly, "I've got it at last, and I just couldn't stay away from you any longer.

"Got what?"

"My increase in salary. Mr. Cheeves loosened up in great shape today. My increase was a handsome one, too. Now I can take you out to things, if I may."

Slowly, almost dumbly she held out her savings book to him. He took it in surprise, examined it quickly, then hastily returned it. "I don't want that, ever," he declared firmly.

"I didn't offer to give it to you, Mr. Stubborn Independence, I just wanted to show it to you—to convince you—to prove to you that I could get along on what you are paying Mrs. Wade to keep house for you."

"Marion!" he cried rapturously, "you do love me then, don't you?"

"I always did—only you're so independent and stubborn."

"You little goose, come here!" And she came quickly, for his arms reached out and drew her to him.

MORE TOBACCO TESTIMONIALS

Junius F. Wells tells a significant story about a boyhood playmate. The two were exactly the same height for quite a long period in their youthful lives. In the course of time Brother Wells went on a mission. His friend had, unfortunately, become an inveterate smoker.

Bro. Wells met him later and, recurring to their boyish habit, said: "A——, I'm taller than you are."

"I know you are, June, and I'll tell you how much," was the answer. "You're just the length of a cigarette taller than I am, and that's why."

Messages From the Missions

CENTRAL STATES MISSION CRYING FOR MORE HELP

The reports of the missionaries show that the work is progressing very favorably in all parts of the Central States mission. President Bennion holds conference with the Saints and missionaries in each of the twelve districts once every ninety days. These visits give the missionaries an opportunity to bring up any question which

they may have to ask on doctrine, besides discussing the things that help them to be more efficient missionaries. Thus they are profiting by the experience of one who has spent decades in this wonderful work.

"The harvest is great and laborers are few," are the words which come to us very forcibly in the mission



MISSIONARIES OF THE LOUISIANA DISTRICT

Front row, left to right: John Daniels (released), Rock Springs, Wyoming; Grant M. Andrus, Idaho; Siemon Bowman, Ogden, Utah; S. O. Bennion, mission president; W. L. Nichols, district president, Salt Lake City (released); Bryant Whiting, district president, St. Johns, Arizona; Frank Hartle, Pocatello, Idaho. Second row: Cecil A. Putnam, New Orleans, branch president; R. W. Salmon, Alberta, Canada; Louis C. Jensen, (released), Salt Lake City; Genile Whiting (released), Rupert, Idaho; Beatrice Stringham, Salt Lake City; George T. Strasburg, Lehi, Utah; Howard G. Woodbury (transferred), president Missouri district; R. A. Broomhead, Salt Lake City. Back row: Jay J. Giles, Los Angeles, California; L. E. Leavitt, Bunkerville, Nevada; Lawrence R. Stubbs, Provo, Utah.

office. The district presidents from all parts of the mission are calling for more elders. In the district of North Texas, there are six cities larger than Salt Lake, but we can allow them only ten missionaries for the entire district. It can easily be seen how impossible it is for so few elders to reach everyone with the important message of the Gospel. The other eleven districts are in almost or quite as great need as North Texas. However, there is considerable progress being made in spite of difficulties.

Not only has there been a sub-

stantial addition to the mission membership (which was over 10,000 at the first of the year), both by converts being baptized and children being brought up in the Church by the members, but there has also been a marked increase in the payment of tithes, indicating that the people are making a greater effort to live the Gospel. They are reaping the blessing which follows obedience to this law.

As missionaries we thank the Lord for his goodness to us. We feel the need of the faith and prayers of the Saints all over the Church.

THE PRIESTHOOD CENTENARY OF THE GERMAN-AUSTRIAN MISSION

In this age of celebrating, each week brings some historical anniversary. Among the interesting Pentecostal celebrations was the gathering of the Latter-day Saints in Leipzig, Germany, on May 18, 19, 20 and 21, to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the restoration of the Priesthood. Members came from all parts of the mission, and the diversified program displayed talent hardly comprehensible for so small a membership as the mission has.

The city of Leipzig placed a large office, in the railroad station, at our disposal.

The celebration commenced with contests in public speaking, re-telling of stories, ladies' trio and chorus, male chorus, debating, painting, and drawing. The contestants were representatives of the different districts of the mission. After the contests the Boy Scouts, Bee-Hive Girls, and M Men met in different departments. The L. D. S. Boy Scouts, an organization affiliated with the German Scout Federation, which is the only internationally recognized Scout organization in Germany, met under the direction of Mission Scout Executive M. C. Richards. An interesting part of the program was the presentation of Knight

badges to the first Knight Scouts of the mission. The rank of Knight is given to the Scout who attains about the same rank as 8 merit badges in America. It was an impressive moment as the Scouts came forward and knelt down before Dr. John A. Widtsoe, president of the European missions, and President Valentine of the German-Austrian mission to be dubbed Knight Scouts as the warriors of old in the days of chivalry. Scouts numbering 155 took part on this program.

The Bee-Hive Girls met under the direction of their leader, Sister Rose Ellen B. Valentine. The program featured special activities from some of the districts of the mission, showing the typical costume, dances, and music of that section. There were two other features worth praise, the filling of two cells in the Bee Hive work, one depicting the cycle of life according to the Gospel, the other, demonstrating good social conduct in society. Sister Leah D. Widtsoe, president of the women's organizations of the European missions, was the special guest of the program.

A banquet for the M Men, under the direction of mission Secretary Joseph E. Symons, was another fea-



PRIESTHOOD CENTENARY CELEBRATION, GERMAN-AUSTRIAN MISSION

ture of the evening. An excellent program was given by the M Men, after which a very instructive debate was held between the winning teams of the mission on the question, Resolved, "That the calendar should be changed to include 13 months of 28 days each."

After the close of these departments, at 9 o'clock, all visitors, friends and local members, gathered at the hall of the famous Kyffhauserhaus in Leipzig, for a social, under the direction of F. Artell Smith. The music was furnished by a group of missionaries under the direction of Melvin B. Watkins. During the intermission ribbons were given to the winners of the different contests as a recognition of their achievement.

Sunday morning at 8 o'clock one of the most inspirational meetings of the whole conference was held, a fast and testimony meeting for all that carried the Priesthood, under the direction of

President Widtsoe and led by President Valentine. The time was short, but the spirit of testimony rested on those present and a spiritual feast was enjoyed by all. About 70 men bore testimony to the truth of this work.

The first service open to all members and friends commenced at 10 o'clock, Arthur Gaeth, mission superintendent of Sunday Schools and Mutuals, conducting. The program featured the unveiling of the painting, "The restoration of the Priesthood by John the Baptist to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery," and the presentation of the German and Austrian flags to new Scout troops by Helmuth Plath, president of the German Scout Federation. The last number was a pageant entitled, "The Restoration," written by Brother Arthur S. Schumann of Berlin and accepted as the winning presentation in the play-writing contest conducted by the mission. The production depicted the different dis-

pensions of the Priesthood from the time of Adam until Joseph Smith. At this session 1466 people were present.

At the second service an illustrated lecture was presented, "The story of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery," by Helmuth Plath, editor of the *Stern*; also an illustrated lecture, "The Priesthood from Adam to Pres. Heber J. Grant," by Supt. Gaeth. Pres. Widtsoe gave a very interesting talk on the power and authority of the Priesthood. More than twelve hundred people attended this meeting.

The evening meeting was a fitting climax to the others. It was led by Mission President Hyrum W. Valentine. The speakers of the evening were, Bishop Casper J. Fetzer of Salt Lake City, Richard L. Evans, secretary of the European mission, Karl M. Nelson now laboring in the Danish mission, and Sister Leah D. Widtsoe. More

than fifteen hundred people attended the evening meeting.

Monday morning all assembled at the grounds of the Leipziger athletic club. The Boy Scouts and Bee-Hive Girls gave a practical demonstration of their work, and afterwards the Boy Scouts appeared in dress parade to be reviewed by mission officials. After the review President Widtsoe was presented with an official Boy Scout badge. Mr. Stolberg, international commissioner of the Boy Scout Federation in Germany, was one of the special guests.

On Tuesday all elders of the mission, together with Pres. Widtsoe, Sister Widtsoe and guests, met in a special fast and testimony meeting.

The celebration did much to give the people a clearer picture of the activities of the Church.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE EXPERIENCES IN THE BRITISH MISSION

BY ELDER ALVIN G. PACK

Since November, 1928, a series of 67 successful illustrated lectures on the "History, Principles and Leaders of Mormonism," which includes the Book of Mormon and American Archaeology, have been given in the British mission. During the six months of lecture campaigning, all districts, except the Irish Free State District, which will be visited later, were visited in the following order: The Scottish, Newcastle, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Nottingham, Norwich, London, Manchester, Sheffield, Welsh, Bristol, Birmingham and Ulster.

The lectures have been given in many important cities in Great Britain. A grand total of 5,028 persons, a great percentage of whom are not members of the Church, attended. Among them were people of many different stations in life. Although some were drawn by curiosity, we have been able to give them a reasonable conception

of what the "Mormon" people have accomplished by their valor and willingness to serve mankind. "Mormonism" has been graphically and practically illustrated.

The true social and religious status of our people has been explained, everyone has been greatly interested in what we are doing; and it has become obvious to our friends why "Mormon" missionaries are so zealous in their efforts.

Anti-"Mormon" meetings, in many cases held previous to ours, have served only to increase attendance at the lectures. Good-will and a desire to learn more of the truth were apparent. Friends have been raised up on every side, and the seeds sown will eventually result in the conviction that God has re-established his Church upon the earth.

The newspapers, many of which have heretofore been bitter in attack-

ing "Mormonism," have given us favorable front-page articles with such headings as "Revelation of Mormonism," "Mormons Are Not Seducers," "Truth About the Mormons," "Speaker Corrects Many False Doctrines About the Mormons," "Mormons As They Are." These and other splendid titles and comments have served to place our work in its true light and to correct the common fallacies held that the "Mormons" live far off in a mountain fastness where only members of the Church may go; that a high wall surrounds Salt Lake City, from which there is no escape once the "clutches of the 'Mormons'" have closed; that women are mercilessly carried off to lives of sorrow; and that the missionaries come into the world secretly to wreck homes.

I have often been surprised at these foolish conceptions which are held about our missionaries. While in Glasgow, a lady reporter from the *Daily Express*, Great Britain's largest newspaper, asked for an interview. She entered the room and approached, inquiring for "Mr. Pack." Upon being directed to me, her face expressed surprise and possibly a little disappointment at finding me so ordinary a person, because she exclaimed: "Why, you are no different from other men!" It seems that she had come expecting to meet a black-frosted, bearded centenarian. She said she was pleased to find me and my colleagues, as she described us in her article next day, "pleasant young men of college appearance, quite unlike the traditional stories told of the 'mysterious Mormon Elder.'"

Actual photographs of scenes in Church history, of Salt Lake City and Utah, showing the temple and tabernacle, other Church buildings and those of other denominations, depicting the contrast between the deserts of 1847 and the blossoming fields of 1929, illustrating the valiant lives of the pioneers, and showing Salt Lake

as the center of scenic wonderland, have driven home the lesson of honesty, purity and nobility of purpose which led the early settlers to Utah.

The courage and optimism expressed in the hymn, "Come, Come, Ye Saints," which has been sung at the lectures during intermission, have touched many hearts. Truly songs often preach great sermons. In Alloa, Scotland, a group of staunch Scotch Presbyterians gathered to hear the lecture. Four missionaries were the only Church members in the audience, and when the time came to sing, some wondered at the outcome. However, after a little coaching, our good non-"Mormon" friends warmed to the spirit of this beautiful song and were soon heartily singing it as though they had known it for years.

Then we proceeded to Saltcoats, where the Town Hall had been booked for the lecture. During our previous street meetings word was given out that a huge "Mormon" meeting was to be held, at which pictures of the famous Salt Lake City were to be shown. Enthusiasm was aroused, even extending to the opposition, stirring them also to greater efforts to belittle and "expose" us.

On the night of meeting the large hall was filled long before starting time. Standing room was at a premium. Along the two back rows sat a group of town ruffians who had come with the avowed intention of "running the 'Mormons' out." They sat with hats on, feet on the benches, refusing to cast away their cigarettes, and abusing us and those who had come to learn the truth. Feeling ran high. Out of the 230 persons present, there were but five missionaries to maintain the cause of truth. But the Lord gave us strength. President George W. Romney, conducting the meeting, warned the rough element that any disturbance would mean ejection. They laughed. I started to speak, but had not uttered twenty words before

the group in the rear of the hall made a terrific noise by yelling and stamping their feet. We could do nothing but make good our promise. Accordingly the lights were turned on and we five elders took the prominent offender and summarily dropped him on the sidewalk outside the door. This helped, and the lecture continued. But again, another interruption caused us to repeat the procedure, and out went another; three times it happened and soon matters became so bad that I had to invite the whole group to leave. They hesitated, but seeing we were serious, departed as if they didn't want to stay anyway. As they were leaving, I apologized to the ladies and gentlemen, who had come to learn the truth, for having to reprimand these few "hooligans" who had come to defeat our cause. The crowd applauded our action, and soon the meeting concluded.

However, upon leaving the building the ruffians, waiting outside, threatened us with bodily violence. "Who's a hooligan?" they shouted, voicing with imprecations and oaths an intention to make "the tall bloke (referring to me) take back his words." Although it was not easy to control our feelings, we smiled at their threats, and moved away, remembering the words of the Savior: "Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

A funny thing happened during one of the lectures. A serial photograph of the University of Utah was on the screen. I was explaining it, and as I mentioned the word, "airplane," a lady cried in a shrill voice: "Oh, is that an airplane picture?" "No!" retorted a disgusted bass voice from somewhere in the dark, "it was taken from the top of a step-ladder!"

The English people often exclaim, "Hear, hear!" at public meetings when the speaker pleases them. At Leeds, the famous cloth-weaving center, in

the benediction, the words: "We thank thee, Father, for the splendid illustrated lecture we have enjoyed," were used. Immediately from the rear of the hall a voice boomed: "Hear, hear!" Though it caused a flutter, it proved conclusively that the lecture had been received with interest.

A lecture on Scenic Utah and Western America was delivered at the Carton Street Boys' School, Bradford. The class master told his boys not to believe a tenth of what they had heard about the "Mormons." This people had his highest respect. He appreciated our missionary system and the voluntary service of those engaged in it. An invitation was extended for a similar lecture before the Bradford Geographical Society at an early date.

The class master entertained us afterwards at "tea." He was very much surprised when we requested water instead of tea, which gave use a splendid opportunity to explain the Word of Wisdom and to show the harmful results coming from the use of tea and tobacco. Everywhere we are respected for the high standard of living which the Gospel teaches.

A very interested lady came to me after my lecture in Rochdale, a city in the heart of the cotton-spinning industry of England, and shook my hand, fervently expressing her gratitude for the truths portrayed. Among her remarks she said: "Tonight is the first time in my life that I have ever heard anything good about the 'Mormon' people."

In Eastwood, near the traditional center of Robin Hood's activities, an inspiring incident occurred, when nearly one hundred children arose in a body to sing, "Come, Come, Ye Saints." They had previously listened intently for almost an hour to pioneer experiences, and when they sang, "All is well, all is well," their joy in thus portraying the gallant pioneer optimism stirred the hearts of all who listened.

At Ipswich we put up the curtain and adjusted the machine. As starting time approached, the hall filled completely. Excitement was in the air. Individuals watched us as if we were persons of mystery. After prayerfully placing myself in the hands of the Lord, for I felt that this was no ordinary meeting, I was introduced. There was a restless silence. All the well known prejudice of this city seemed to rush at me with terrific violence. Fear—overwhelming fear of an unseen adversary—was there; a painful consciousness of weakness, too, and a half-moment of irresolution: Then, as courage came to utter the first words, the peaceful assurance of the Lord helped me to continue.

All went well, except for a few minor interruptions, until intermission.

However, the second half of the lecture had not proceeded three minutes before a series of flashes and sharp reports echoed from the back of the hall. From my position I could see that someone had placed about fifteen giant fire-crackers in the fire-place, but our visitors undoubtedly thought they were the victims of a "Mormon" attack. Pandemonium broke loose! Screaming women climbed over chairs. Children cried. Everyone frantically made for the doors. Panic! My shouts were unavailing amid that confusion, until someone turned on the lights. The missionaries went among the clamoring people, calming them, endeavoring to get them to return to their seats. Several of the weaker ones could stand no more, and hurriedly departed. I was heart-sick.

As a semblance of order was restored, I managed to say through clenched teeth, that this action was a "sign of ignorance," adding for emphasis, "it is merely a sign of extreme ignorance!" Tears filled my eyes, and a prayer of gratitude filled my soul as some man, seconding what I had said, shouted: "Hear, hear!" The crowd

burst into a roar of confirmatory applause. This squelched further out-breaks; we had won! The meeting closed in peace and unity.

The lectures have also been a means of bringing about more harmony among our own people. In the mission field, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, sons and daughters, are often at variance one with another over religious views. Some of those who have constantly refused heretofore to have anything whatsoever to do with the Church, have been persuaded to attend one of the lectures; and to our joy, they have gone away with their prejudiced views entirely changed.

A gentleman at Handsworth, Birmingham, arose, after I had borne my testimony, and said: "I thank the speaker and committee for the very impressive lecture given here tonight. It is something that I will not soon forget." Many similar testimonies have been borne by persons whom we had never seen before.

In Stavely, a little Yorkshire village situated in the moors, we advertised our lecture by distributing literature. Snow covered the ground, but by afternoon practically every villager knew of the "Mormon" meeting scheduled for that evening. Consequently the village buzzed with excitement.

As we left the upper end of town, school dismissed. Boys and girls poured out of the building in care-free enthusiasm, and, sighting us, decided that we would make good targets. I have never seen the like of it! Imagine a group of men driven helplessly down the street before a barrage of snow-balls, for we dared not return the fire. As we went farther, more boys collected, and soon they set up the cry of "Mormons!" It was hard to take, and although we were forced to retire to the hall for protection, their derisive shouts served as a climax to our day's advertising campaign. It bore fruit in a deeply interested crowd.

Then I journeyed into beautiful

Wales, and marveled at the panorama before me, green moors, valleys dotted with cultivated fields, hedge fences dividing the fields into natural checkerboards of numerous hues. Wooden-soled clogs with horseshoe-shaped metal plates on the bottom, are worn by the farmers, some of whom till the soil with skillfully turned home-made instruments. The peaceful, old-fashioned country folk live in quaint thatched-roofed cottages. But I must return to my story: A very picturesque crowd attended the lecture in the little mining town of Caerphilly.

The unemployment conditions here are serious, but the local elders helped one destitute miner by employing him to carry a sign, advertising the lecture, through the streets. He was thankful for the relief, for he loyally announced the event to everyone and attended the lecture himself in the evening.

Men sat through the meeting with

hats on, even refusing to remove them during the prayers, and insisting upon constantly using their briar pipes. So large a crowd attended that it was necessary to blockade the entrance against an invasion of urchins who manifested their displeasure by throwing stones at the doors and denouncing us for refusing them admittance to a "free" entertainment.

I have tried in my humble way to fulfill the commandment of our Master: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations * * * " In this work comfort is found in the words of Nephi: "And it came to pass that I, Nephi, said unto my father: I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded me, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandment unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them."

TEMPLE EXCURSION FROM NEW ZEALAND

Soon after the arrival of President John E. Magleby, in March, 1928, a clarion call was sent throughout the New Zealand mission for Saints to prepare to go to the Hawaiian temple in the ensuing year.

This excursion was looked forward to with eagerness, and, as the year rolled along, volunteers came to the front and expressed their desire to go to the house of the Lord to receive their endowments and do vicarious work for their progenitors.

The invitation was extended to all those who would put their own house in order and make themselves worthy of the responsibility and enlightenment that would follow such an opportunity.

A company of twenty-one souls from the several districts made all necessary preparation and departed from New Zealand in their "Modern Canoe," the *S. S. Aorangi*, on the 7th of May. Thus they are re-tracing the

voyage of their forefathers who trusted to the Controller of the elements to bring them from the distant "Hawaiki" (Hawaii) to this "Paradise of the Southern Cross."

This is the largest company of Maoris which has ever left New Zealand for this specific and sacred purpose. Others have gone before but in smaller groups. However, those who have gone in the past have all returned with renewed spiritual vigor, to be pillars of strength in building up the cause of righteousness in the midst of this distant branch of the house of Israel. They returned home real "Mormons."

Evidently the adversary anticipated this inevitable result, and he began his work of opposition just as soon as definite steps were taken in arranging passports, etc., for their departure. Pressure was brought to bear by some of the government officials, and had there been any law or regulation on



NEW ZEALAND GROUP BOUND FOR HAWAIIAN TEMPLE

President Magleby is seen in the front row and from left to right, Sisters Himiona, Hoterene, Mataira and Hapuku. Second row: Te Ara Paerata, Sisters Paerata, Duncan, Tengaio, Maru, Cecelia Maru, Pomare, and Reweti. Third row: Rawhiti Paerata, William Duncan, Runga Tengaio, Peneha Maru, Irapareta Pomare, George Jury. Back row: Elder Orrice L. Murdock, mission secretary, Elders Elmer S. Palmer and William Smith, Wiremu Karauria and Elder William T. Ogden. Elders Palmer and Ogden will be in charge of the company to Honolulu.

which to base their objections they would have prevented the Maoris from leaving New Zealand.

When our people applied for passports for the journey, they were met by a request from the government, caused through some biased individuals, to furnish \$500.00 as a guarantee for their safe return to the Dominion. This regulation was unprecedented and seemed preposterous, inasmuch as return tickets had already been secured from the steamship company. It necessitated our calling in legal aid. President Magleby interviewed the officials and finally got a hearing before the prime minister who called a cabinet meeting to decide the issue. After eight hours of deliberation it was decided that the pecuniary guarantee would not be required, but the Church was obliged to give a bond to insure the comfort, feeding and lodg-

ing of the people during their sojourn in Honolulu as well as their safe return to New Zealand.

Another obstacle in our way was an official demand that return tickets be purchased before passports would be issued, and at the same time the steamship company advised us of a ruling that no tickets would be given until passports were produced with an American vise on them. Through the leniency of the steamship company we found it possible to break the lesser law but in so doing fulfilled the greater. Thus the purposes of our Father in heaven were not frustrated.

We thought it unfair that the liberties of these people should be tampered with, and at the same time marveled at the special interest taken in the welfare of these "Maori Mormons" when so many of the natives are suffering at

the hands of their oppressors and from lack of sustenance.

However, we struggled over one barrier after another until our objective was reached. The last obstacle to overcome was to pass the group through a special medical examination. Our worries in this regard were soon alleviated. The doctor from the health department declared them physically sound and the brightest and happiest group of Maoris he had ever seen. The "Word of Wisdom" was our theme in explaining this phenomenon. How grateful we were to have the practical side of our religion shown in the brightness of the countenances of these adherents!

We are very proud of these representatives of our mission, and as they journeyed to Hawaii for so worthy a purpose we bid them Godspeed, a *bon voyage* and a safe return when they have finished the work they have set out to do.

We are sure that President Wad-doups of the Hawaiian mission will do everything in his power to make their visit pleasant and instructive.

Would that the whole world could see them as they go, with sincere hearts and faith in their righteous purpose, and then judge whether or not this religion is bearing worth-while fruits among their people.—O. Murdock, mission secretary.

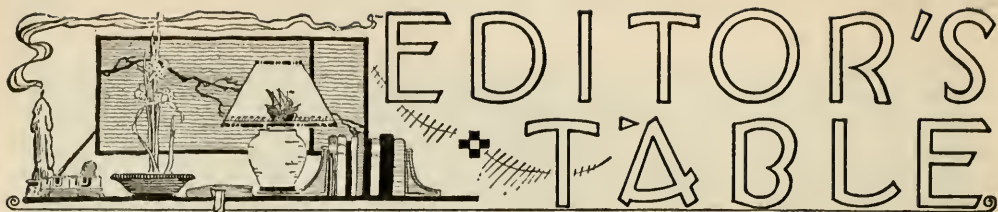
JOY SONG

I thank Thee, O Lord,
That Thou hast made
My spirit free and unafraid
To soar, a-wing,
And soaring, sing.

I pray Thee, O Lord,
That Thou shalt keep
My spirit clean and pure and sweet,
To thus prolong
My simple song.

I beseech Thee, Lord,
When days are drear,
And bleak despair is hov'ring near,
I may beguile
Gloom with a smile.

I ask Thee, O Lord,
My days to fill
With smiles and songs of joy, until
My friends, though blue,
Are smiling, too.



WHAT OUR MISSIONARY WORK IS ACCOMPLISHING

There is nothing stagnant about the "Mormon" people. A short time ago, on a Sunday evening in Salt Lake City, fourteen Church members met at the conclusion of a sacramental service. They were not all from the same ward, and their meeting was a somewhat casual one. The group was invited to the home of one of the party, and all accepted the invitation. Their ages ran from nineteen to sixty years, and five of them were unmarried.

Quite by accident the conversation turned upon sea travel, and before it had proceeded very far, it was discovered that thirteen of the fourteen present had been passengers on ocean-going vessels, traveling either eastward or westward, from the United States.

These people were not outstanding because of their earthly possessions. Indeed, the most prosperous one present would only be considered in comfortable circumstances, and some of the number were having a serious struggle to provide even the ordinary necessities of life for their families.

The sum total of their travels had taken them into nearly all parts of the United States, into Canada, the Pacific Isles, New Zealand, Australia, the Holy Land and almost every country in Europe. Several foreign languages were at their command.

One lady had journeyed to Hawaii to meet her husband, who was there on business and who was anxious for her to see that beautiful land. The other twelve voyagers had done their traveling as a direct result of missionary calls.

In any other community in the world, how much searching and careful selecting would have to be done

in order to bring such a group together? Even in many good-sized cities it would be impossible, but there is hardly a village whose population is made up of "Mormons" where this experience could not rather easily be duplicated. It is perhaps not too much to say that, in proportion to population, there is no other community where one finds so many men and women who have visited far-distant lands. Such a statement could be emphatically made if wealth, too, were taken into consideration.

The educational value of such a condition is worth a moment's thought. In the Church every member should be and most of them are active contributors to their fellow-men of their knowledge and experience, and herein lies one of the important factors in the intellectual growth of the Latter-day Saints. A well-traveled people will naturally become an intelligent people, and this is particularly true when the traveling is done not merely for pleasure but in serious mood and with a definite purpose in mind. In this spirit the members of the Church have always gone out. They have not skimmed superficially over the surface of things, merely looking at a castle here or a waterfall there, but have settled down in the country visited, have studied the hearts as well as the language of the people and have come back home with an intimate acquaintance with the history, the language and habits of thought of those among whom they have spent their time. They know something, too, of the art, the literature, social, economic, agricultural and industrial conditions of these countries.

Of course it would be absurd to claim that our missionaries absorb as much knowledge as they should. Their youth, if there were no other reasons, would make so desirable a result impossible, and regrettable carelessness often contributes to a loss of opportunity, but these missionaries do obtain much information, and some of them are real students. They return with the feeling that all they bring back with them belongs to their community.

The Almighty works on natural principles, and one can see in the missionary system of the Church a means of bringing to fulfillment the state-

ment made concerning those who are faithful.

"Great shall be their reward and eternal shall be their glory. And to them will I reveal all mysteries, yea, all the hidden mysteries of my kingdom from days of old, and for ages to come, will I make known unto them the good pleasure of my will concerning all things pertaining to my kingdom. * * * And their wisdom shall be great, and their understanding reach to heaven; and before them the wisdom of the wise shall perish, and the understanding of the prudent shall come to naught."—C.

FOR SMOKING WOMEN TO THINK ABOUT

BY WILL H. BROWN

A young woman passenger on a Los Angeles street car sat down next to a plasterer and lit a cigarette. The laborer, after taking one good look at her, arose and walked into another section of the car, where he stood in the aisle, rather than have anyone misjudge him because he sat next to a smoking woman.

Many smoking women do not seem to realize that the habit places them among a certain class of women who are not held in the highest esteem by self-respecting men. No self-respecting woman can afford to forget this important viewpoint of a vast army of clean-cut, clean-living men.

Women should not only protect themselves but the race from the stain of tobacco upon their name or their person. Parents in every state in the Union are calling out for help to protect their boys and girls from the to-

bacco propaganda that is flooding the land for the purpose of inducing the youth of America to take up cigarette smoking. Every woman should protest against this onslaught, in every legal way possible. Officers everywhere should be called on to enforce the law against selling tobacco to minors.

Tobacco men do not hesitate to call for government aid in *their* behalf. When the black-root rot struck the tobacco fields of Kentucky and Virginia, the wail for help from the tobacco raisers brought government agricultural experts to the scene in a hurry.

The loss of the entire tobacco crop in the United States would be small compared to the loss the nation is suffering in the enslaving of boys and girls to the tobacco habit, to the profit of greedy tobacco men in raising the weed and in manufacturing it into smoking products.



MUTUAL WORK



A STORY-BOOK WEDDING

CHARACTERS

Prince Era
Princess Journal
Prime Minister
Two Pages
Two Lords
Two Ladies-in-waiting
Two Flower Girls

SETTING: A fac-simile of the *Improvement Era* about 6 x 4 feet, also one of the *Young Woman's Journal*, same dimensions, sketched upon paper and placed upon a frame. One of the new *Improvement Era* (combined with the *Young Woman's Journal*) about 8 x 5 feet is on a frame, covered by a wall curtain to be drawn later. All three of these fac-similes are set upon the stage, (elevated upon a platform if desired) the new *Era* being placed in the center of the group. A curtain hides them all from view.

CEREMONY: A crashing chord is played by the pianist and then to fairy music comes tripping down the aisle, as lightly as if she were flying, a Fairy god-mother. She stops in front of the curtain, waves her wand and the curtains separate, revealing the fac-similes already described.

The god-mother again waves her wand and there appears a herald with a scroll in hand. To martial music he marches to center position on stage, unfolds his scroll and reads as follows:

"Hear Ye! Hear Ye! To all who are here assembled—greetings! In the midst of the goings and comings, the excitement and activity of this great occasion, I bid you pause and give ear to a tale which will renew in your souls youth and romance. It is a love story which has been developed through the years, gently and tenderly, with only enough of discord to make the harmony sweeter.

"The heroine of our story was a

genteel child, born of vision and faith. She was a delicate girl, and during the first few years, her life was all but despaired of a time or two, but the confidence and assurance of those about her pulled her through many crises, and she entered her adolescence full of beauty and promise.

"The hero is a man strong and of high principle, for he has overcome obstacles and triumphed over hardships.

"The two met and became fast friends. They had much in common, and their interests and congeniality ever increased. For some time theirs was a strictly platonic friendship; and although at one time ambitious friends laid plans to effect a union of the two, they did not succeed. The heroine was too young to know her own mind. She still needed the shelter and protection of home and loved ones. The hero was not yet properly appreciative of the sterling qualities of the lady, and in addition his finances were in no condition to warrant another responsibility.

"However, after some years had passed, the hero and heroine reached maturity. The future looked bright to them, and suddenly they realized that they were drawn together with an attraction stronger than either had understood. They knew by intuition that their destinies were to be linked; and the hero, brave, noble and far-sighted, proposed to the heroine—sweet, artistic and attractive. After a maidenly delay, the proposal was accepted—and today is their wedding day.

"You are all invited guests, and we bid you make merry. May their course of true love ever run smooth, and may we all live happily ever after."

As the herald finishes reading the foregoing proclamation, the Fairy

god-mother strikes her wand against the fac-simile of the *Era*, tearing it asunder, and there stands exposed to view a Prince. She does the same to the *Journal* and there appears a Princess.

The god-mother then goes to position at left lower corner of stage, and the herald to right lower corner. The pianist begins the strains of "The Wedding March" and there come from out the *Era*, the Prince, a Page, two Lords, and a Prime Minister. Simultaneously from out the *Journal* there come a Princess, a Page, and two Ladies-in-waiting. They march in grand processional and come to position in semi-circular form, the Prince and Princess in the center, a Page on either side of them, two Lords on the right, two Ladies on the left, the Prime Minister center back (elevated) the Fairy god-mother at the extreme left and Herald at extreme right. When they are in place, the wedding march music stops and the Prime Minister speaks as follows:

"Prince *Era*—Princess *Journal*: This is a joyful day, for it brings to us, your friends, the realization of the dream we long have cherished—a dream of the day when you two would stand thus sweetly before us to be united.

"Such a union bids fair to outdistance even the glowing promise of your lovely childhood.

"And so in sympathetic accord with the hundred thousand and more who will rejoice and give glad acclaim over the proceedings of this day, I answer your summons to solemnize and make binding this union.

"Prince *Era*:

"Do you desire of your own free will and choice to take Princess *Journal* to be your legal and lawful partner? (I do.) In the consummation of this union do you promise to cherish her, to love her and deal gently with her at all times? To listen with an understanding heart to her wishes and her desires; to respect her thoughts

and feelings, and give her consideration in your councils? (I do.) Do you promise to share with her to the full the worldly wealth that may accrue from this union? To cleave unto her in sickness and in health, in prosperity and adversity for better and for best? (I do.)

"Princess *Journal*:

"Do you desire of your own free will and choice to take Prince *Era* to be your legal and lawful partner? (I do.) If this union is consummated do you promise to harken to his counsel and further with all your heart his every ambitious and rightful effort? To think impersonally, to speak gently but freely and work diligently for the furtherance of those things that pertain to your mutual betterment and happiness? (I do.) To give unto him generously of all your gifts and graces in making beautiful and successful this union? (I do.)

"In consideration of these desires and agreements expressed before these witnesses I do now, with great rejoicing, and with full authority of the King of Good Journalism, pronounce you ONE—to remain so until time or circumstances doth you part. Bring forth the symbols of this union."

The Pages step to some convenient place and pick up, from where they have been placed face downward, two halves of the M. I. A. monogram. Each Page carries one half and, kneeling, presents it to the Prince and Princess who hold them high, look up for a moment and, standing side by side, join them together as the Prime Minister fastens the stick into the grooves which bind the halves together.

While this is being done the Pages, Lords and Ladies kneel. The Prince and Princess also kneel at the conclusion of the binding of the halves. The Fairy god-mother, followed by the Herald, runs to the fac-simile of the new *Era* and waves her wand. There is a crash of music, the Herald



M. I. A. MONOGRAM

pulls the curtain from in front of the fac-simile exposing the new cover design. Two Flower Girls appear in the opening of the *Era* and *Journal* and throw flowers at the Prince and Princess. The audience rises and sings "M. I. A. We Hail Thee." At the conclusion of the song the bridal party forms a processional and leaves the stage. A group of Gleaners and M Men distribute wedding cake and the following wedding announcement:

Mrs. Y. L. General Board announces the marriage of her daughter Miss *Young Woman's Journal* and Mr. *Improvement Era* on Saturday, June the eighth, nineteen hundred and twenty-nine.

At your home after November 1st, 1929.

Following the foregoing ceremonial, there should be a "booster" talk for the new *Era* and an attempt made to obtain charter subscribers. An effective means of doing this is to suggest that a wedding present be given the contracting parties in the form of a subscription. On one page of the wedding announcement, the following should appear:

Application for a
CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION
CERTIFICATE

to the NEW "*Improvement Era*"

Accompanying this application is my cash payment for \$2.00 for which you will enter my subscription for one year to the NEW "*Improvement Era*," starting with the issue of November, 1929.

It is understood that this entitles me to become a CHARTER SUBSCRIBER to the new magazine (which combines the *Improvement Era* and the *Young Woman's Journal*) and that a special CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION CERTIFICATE will be mailed to me at the following address:

Name _____

Address _____

Ward _____ Stake _____

Kindly make check payable to
The *Improvement Era*

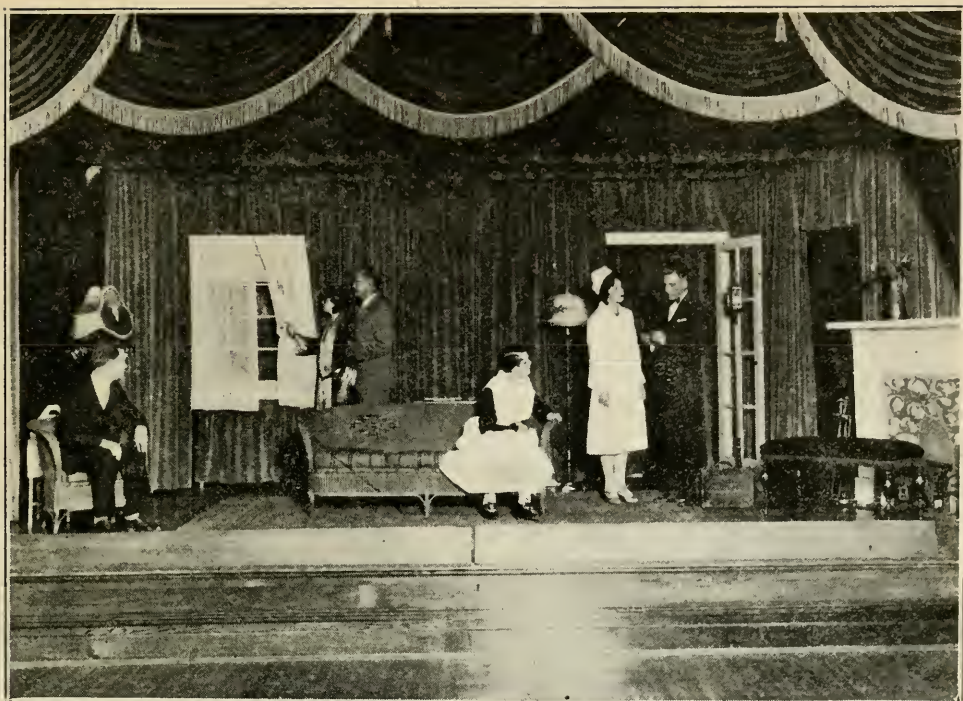
SUGGESTED PROGRAM FOR CONJOINT M. I. A. MEETING

Sunday Evening, September 1, 1929

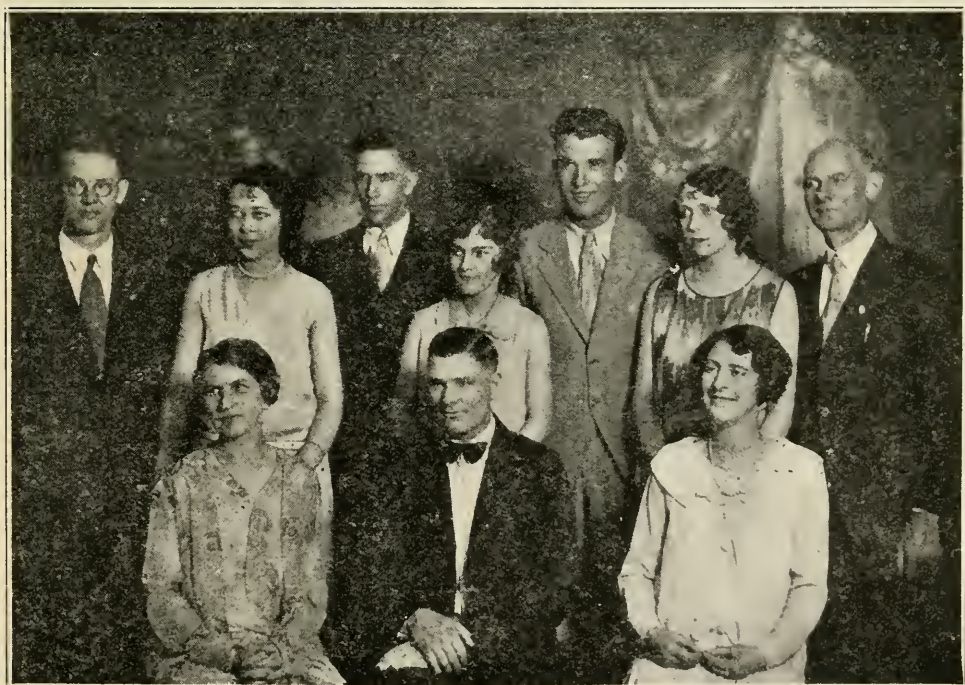
As was noted in the July number of the *Era*, the various departments of the Y. M. M. I. A. were to furnish this program for August, and the

Young Ladies were to arrange it for the September meeting. Their detailed program will be found in the *Young Woman's Journal* for August.

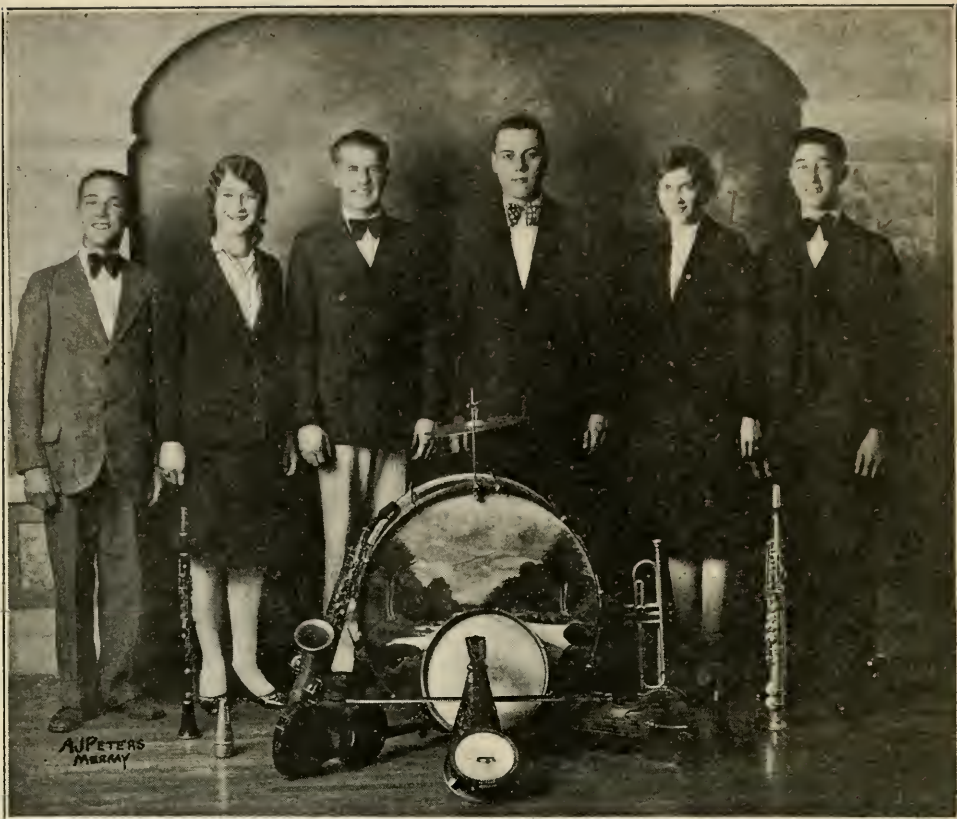
No law is stronger than the public sentiment where it is to be enforced. A universal feeling, whether well or ill founded, cannot be safely disregarded.—A. Lincoln.



WINNERS OF FIRST PRIZE IN DRAMA CONTEST, SECOND WARD, IDAHO FALLS STAKE



WINNERS OF FIRST PRIZE DOUBLE MIXED QUARTETTE, SUGAR HOUSE WARD, GRANITE STAKE.
 Sitting, left to right: Tessie Johnston, accompanist; Walter Roberts, director; Florence P. Roberts.
 Standing: Maxwell Olsen, Helen Chipman, Ralph Keddington, Helen Salzner, Malcolm Pike,
 Verba Robinson, Edward Pike.



WINNERS OF FIRST PRIZE ORCHESTRA CONTEST, UNION WARD, EAST JORDAN STAKE.
First Prize Winners in June Contest. Ruel Walker, drums; Alvira Crittenden, piano; Don Nicol, violin, (leader); Elden Boggus, saxophone; Dorothy Coomber, piano; Francis Forbush, cornet.

TO HER

It isn't all sun in this cold old earth,
Neither is it all darkness drear;
It isn't all gloom, nor it isn't all mirth,
There's an autumn grey,
But the month of May
Is a part of the self-same year.

There are many dark spots in this soul of mine,
And my thoughts are not always pure;
But some of them still, dear, are big and fine;
My soul's not all gloss,
Nor is it all dross,
And my hopes and my faith are sure.

My life's not all joy, nor is it all sad,
My dreams do not all come true,
My heart's not all good, but it isn't all bad—
I am oft in the dark,
Like a storm-tossed bark,
But I've one guiding star, dear, You.



CHURCH EVENTS

Tabernacle concerts to be broadcasted.—"Ten million radio fans will listen to the programs which are to be given each week, commencing Monday, July 15, by the Tabernacle choir and organ." This was the statement made by A. V. Saxton, chief divisional engineer of the National Broadcasting Company, who was in Salt Lake City recently to supervise arrangements for these concerts.

Hundreds of thousands of people have listened to the organ during the daily recitals which have been given, and most of them have left the building and grounds with a better idea of "Mormonism" after listening to the soul-stirring music. It has reached hearts which could not be touched by a sermon. Doubtless these concerts, spread over a 30-station network, will affect similarly those who listen. The one great difference is that the number who hear will be many times multiplied. These programs will commence at 3 o'clock each Monday afternoon.

* * *

Change at the Bureau of Information.—On the 4th of August, 1902, the "Bureau" was opened with Elder Benjamin Goddard in charge, and he remained with the Bureau until July 15 of this year, when he was honorably released and Elder John E. Hepler appointed to succeed him. The missionary work on the Temple Block, where hundreds of thousands of strangers from all parts of the world listen to the explanations given by the guides, is rated by Church authorities as a mission, with Levi Edgar Young, of the First Council of Seventy, as president. "I came here an enemy, I go away a friend," is frequently heard from people who visit the Bureau, go through the buildings, listen to the

organ and receive explanations from the courteous men and women who show them about. Roscoe W. Eardley, former bishop of the Third ward in Salt Lake City, relates that he met a man in Europe who had been in most countries of the world and who said he had found but one place where he could not pay for the courtesies which were extended, that was the Temple Block in Salt Lake City.

* * *

On June 29, Joseph W. Summerhays, one of the veterans of the Church, passed on to his reward. Brother Summerhays was born January 15, 1849, in Pemlico, Middlesex, England. He was, therefore, in his 81st year. His life was an intensely interesting one from the time he left the London docks in the sailing vessel, *Caroline*, which required five weeks to reach New York, until the day of his death. He drove three yoke of oxen from the Missouri river to Salt Lake, arriving here October 11. Through the mountains considerable snow was encountered, the Indians were unfriendly, and 37 members of the party died from exposure and hardships. Many of the cattle died also, and this delayed the company and made their journey more difficult.

Brother Summerhays, always an aggressive, forceful character, traveled extensively throughout the United States in carrying forward his business of hides, wool and furs, and was ever ready to lift his voice in explanation or defense of the restored Gospel. He had a fervent testimony of the divine calling of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his successors, and nothing gave him greater joy than to give his reasons for the hope that was within him. Brother Summerhays had the privilege of listening to the testimony of David

Whitmer and Martin Harris regarding the Book of Mormon. He leaves a large posterity, 39 children, 46 grandchildren and 4 great-grandchildren. Nearly all his children are gifted musically, some of them outstandingly so. Brother Summerhays has always been active in the stakes and wards in which he has lived and for many years was a useful member of the Deseret Sunday School General Board.

* * *

New president for the German-Austrian Mission.—Edward P. Kimball, Tabernacle organist, has been called to preside over the German-Austrian mission, to succeed Pres. Hyrum W. Valentine. These two brethren were in this mission field together twenty-seven years ago. Pres. Valentine first arrived in the field in 1900 and labored nearly three years, during the latter part of this period serving as president of the Dresden district. Subsequently, from the beginning of 1912 to the close of 1916, he presided over the Swiss-German mission. During a large part of this time Germany was at war, and conditions were such as to try men's souls. It would not have been easy to find in the entire Church two people better qualified to carry on the work in face of the difficulties of that period, than were Pres. Valentine and his heroic wife.

In the fall of 1926, they again responded to the call and went to the German-Austrian field, and have labored there with signal success. For a number of years Pres. Valentine was bishop of the Brigham City 3rd ward.

Pres. Kimball has been a prominent figure in musical and religious circles ever since his boyhood. For a number of years he has been an active member of the General Board of Sunday Schools. In addition to his musical and religious activities, he has taken a prominent part in civic organizations, having served as president of the local Rotary Club for some time, and last spring was elected District

Governor Fifth District Rotary International. His standing in this world-wide and popular organization will aid him materially in reaching men of repute and power and gaining their influence for him and for the cause he represents. An interesting bit of history comes to mind in connection with this change. In the spring of 1902, a large "Mormon" conference was held in the assembly room of a prominent hotel in Dresden, Germany. Presidents Valentine and Kimball were both present, as were also Prof. Levi Edgar Young, ex-Governor Chas. R. Mabey and a large number of other missionaries. About 600 people were crowded into the hall, many pastors among them. An intensely bitter spirit was present, and at times a personal encounter between missionaries and their opponents seemed unavoidable. At the close of the meeting a crowd of unfriendly people gathered in the street and threatened to mob the elders. It was not easy to restrain the young men. They had been cruelly abused, and their revered leaders had been villified. On the other hand, they had listened to burning testimonies of the divinity of this work and felt, as one husky young missionary expressed it, that they "could whip the whole German army." Pres. Kimball, upon his return to Germany, will find a vastly different condition. This hotel has been purchased by the Church and the first floor is used as mission headquarters. All is peace now in the hall where these presidents once saw so riotous a time. Its walls are adorned with pictures of Church and mission authorities, and the spirit which pervades the chapels at home is found in rich measure there.

* * *

New President of Netherlands Mission.—Frank L. Kooyman, first counselor in the bishopric of the Nineteenth ward in Salt Lake City, has been chosen to preside over the Netherlands mission. He is to succeed Pres.

John P. Lillywhite, who has been in the field since January, 1926. Pres. Kooyman was a zealous missionary in Holland, his native land, before emigrating to Utah in 1904. Although he had never been in England or America, he had acquired the English language so thoroughly that he was able to translate for Pres. Heber J. Grant, then president of the European missions, and other speakers. Pres. Lillywhite has now completed his third mission in the Netherlands, during two of which he has presided. From February, 1905, to October, 1907, he served as traveling elder. In July, 1920, he was set apart to preside over that mission and remained in the field until April, 1923, when he was released. On this mission his wife accompanied him and endeared herself to missionaries and members. In the early part of 1926, Pres. Lillywhite succeeded Pres. Chas. S. Hyde, who had succeeded him about three years before. His wife and sons accompanied him on this mission.

* * *

New Stake Organized.—June 16,

1929, the Moroni stake was organized. This stake was formed by taking five wards, Chester, Fountain Green, Moroni West, Moroni East and Wales, from the North Sanpete stake. James L. Nielson, of Fountain Green, formerly second counselor in the stake presidency of the North Sanpete stake, was made president of Moroni stake, with Ernest J. Johnson and Abram Livingston as his counselors and with Carl Sophus Augason as stake clerk. Henry C. Jacobs was selected to act as second counselor in the North Sanpete stake to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of President Nielson.

* * *

President Nephi L. Morris released.—After serving as president of the Salt Lake stake ever since its organization, more than twenty-five years ago, Pres. Nephi L. Morris was honorably released on June 16, 1929. Wilford A. Beesley, formerly second counselor in the presidency of that stake, was selected as president. He chose as his counselors John B. Matheson and Irvin S. Noal.

PRAYER

When first I glimpsed the beauty of prayer I saw it as a means of healing, and the Lord as the great and skillful physician.

I see it now in many ways—as a ladder, like the one of which Jacob dreamed, reaching from earth to heaven, where angels go up and down and keep a better world in touch with ours.

I see it as a holy place within a temple, where one may go and seek counsel from the living source of truth and wisdom.

I see it as an oasis of clear water and cool shade beside the road of life, where one may pause and rest the bruised or troubled soul.

I see it as a fortress where one may find shelter for a while from strong and relentless enemies.

I see it as the armour that a knight dons each day before sallying forth to do deeds of manly valor, to right wrongs, and to succor the oppressed.

I see it as the hand-clasp between a dependent child and the loving Father who guides him.—FLOY L. TURNER.

The Utah State Agricultural College

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Freshmen Register Friday and Saturday,
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—President Hebert Hoover.

"I have now lectured from New York to San Francisco since Christmas in nearly every State in the United States except in the southwest. Everywhere the splendid results of prohibition are becoming more and more plain. This country will never go back on it."—Dr. W. T. Grenfell, well known missionary laborer.

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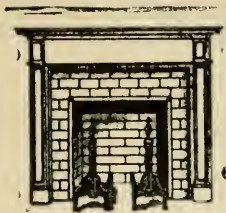
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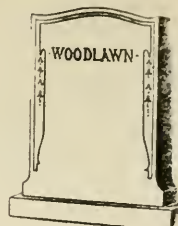


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A girl and a car are much alike. A good paint job conceals the years, but the lines tell the story.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

* * * *

It is perfectly all right for a woman to want to hold on to her youth, but she should not do it while he is driving.—*Louisville Times*.

* * * *

Wanted by a bachelor of middle age—To correspond with a lady or widow of same age, with idea in mind of entering poultry business.—*Ad in a Montana paper*.

* * * *

Patient: "Doctor, what are my chances?"

Doctor—"Oh, pretty good, but I wouldn't start reading any continued stories."—*Mountain States Monitor*.

Announcement

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If, as a writer suggests, women's sentiments are expressed by their clothes, they appear to be less sentimental than formerly.—*Florence Herald*.

* * * *

Rosalie believes there has been little change in the art of lovemaking since historic times.

"I've just read," she said, "of a Greek maiden who sat up and listened to a lyre all night."—*Mountain States Monitor*.

* * * *

The celebrated soprano was in the middle of her number when Johnny noticed the orchestra leader.

"What does that man keep hitting at her for?" he asked his mother.

"He's not hitting at her," replied Mother. "Be quiet."

"Well, then, why does she keep hollering?"—*Mountain States Monitor*.

Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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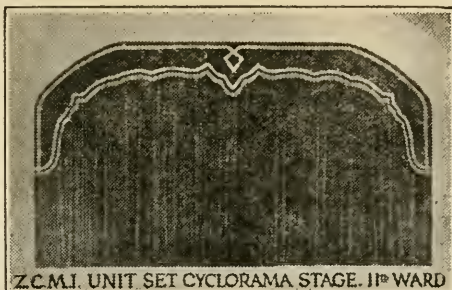


The Deseret News Press

29 Richards Street

Salt Lake City

The State of Florida should be prompted to think seriously by the beating and intimidation of James Bickers, attorney, at St. Petersburg, Fla. Mr. Bickers, who had been active against the gamblers, was abducted, beaten and otherwise injured, ordered to cease the practice of law and leave the state. The policy of some municipalities in permitting violation of the state gambling laws has brought to Florida an element of the underworld of which the state cannot be rid without a right-about-face as to law enforcement. Whether the laws are good or not, Florida people have a right to make such laws as they see fit and they have a right to enforce those laws without regard to the wishes of gamblers or gunmen.



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With some autoists the turnover is more costly than the up-keep—*Florida Times-Union*.

* * * *

Jones—"What is the matter with that physical wreck over there? Has he had the flu?"

Smith—"No, but he did everything people told him would keep it off."—*Liverpool Post*.

* * * *

"Darling," he murmured, "do marry me. I'm not rich or handsome like Percy Brown. And I haven't a big car and a mansion and a well-stocked cellar like Percy. But I love you better than life itself."

"And I love you too, dear. Er, who is this Percy Brown?"—*Masonic Craftsman*.

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